

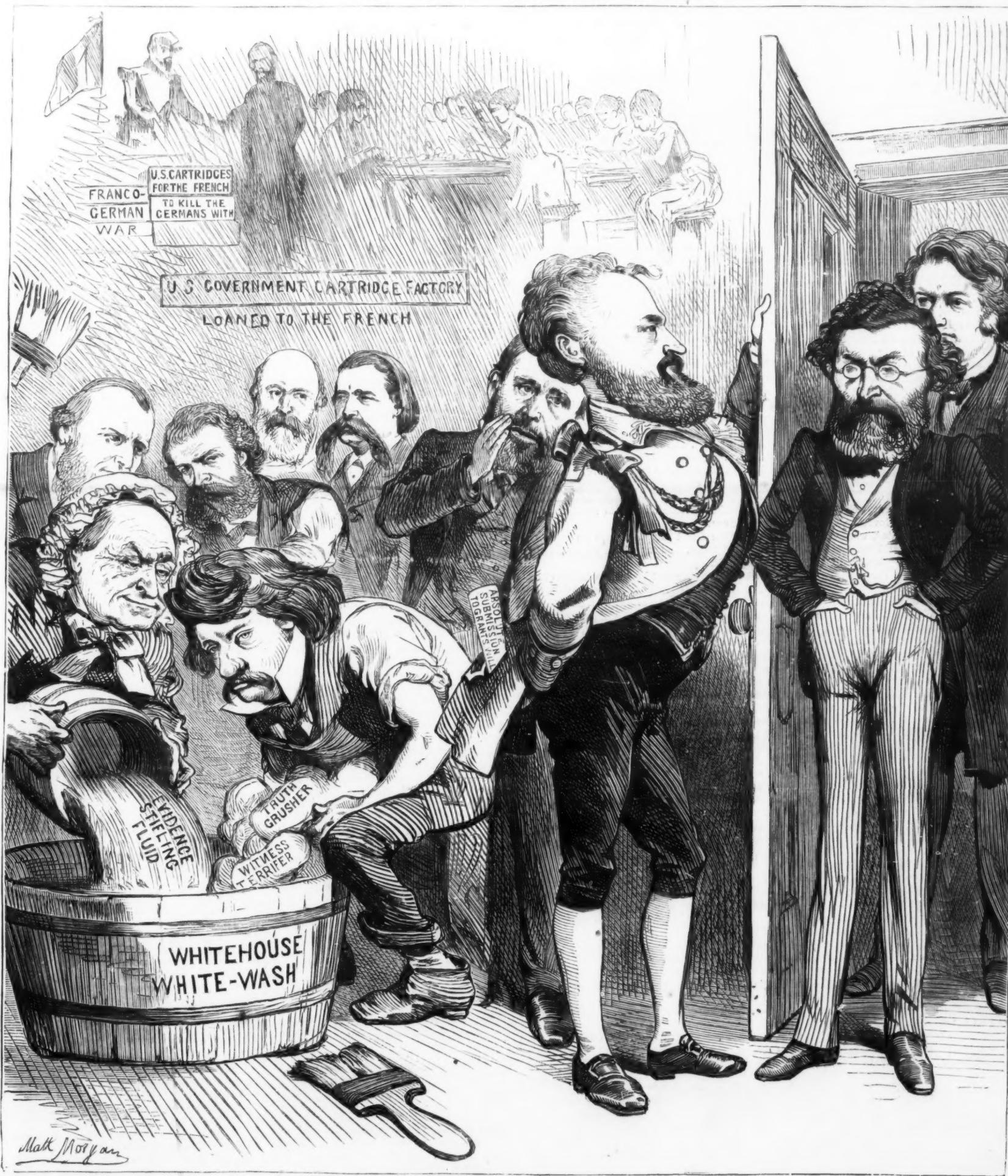
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frank leslie's
THE LEISLE'S NEWSPAPER

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AN UNWELCOME VISITOR.

U. S. G.—"John Thomas, keep that fellow out of our family party, if you possibly can."

SENATOR C.—"We have given him the cold shoulder, but he has no modesty; he says he is coming in at all hazards."

U. S. G.—"Well, then, don't let him see any of our little domestic arrangements, for he will spread them all over the country."

"Conkling & Co. have spent two or three days considering whether they shall permit a fair and square inquiry into the Arms Scandal, and have at last made up their minds that the risk is too great. So the Senate takes the ballots from their hands and elects a committee from which it is hopeless to expect a genuine investigation. * * * That is to say, the investigation is to be a quiet little family arrangement, warranted to do no mischief to anybody in the clique."—New York Tribune, March 6th.

comes in for his share. What the cause of quarrel is, the Washington chroniclers do not tell us, but it is probably one of the Catacrazy stamp, more personal than political.

Chile, to be sure, is a very small power, an icicle to an iceberg, as compared to a coolness with Russia. Yet, one enemy, however small, can do more harm than a dozen lukewarm friends can do good, either to a nation or an individual.

Besides which, it looks so undignified in a Government to be eternally snapping and snarling at everybody accredited to it, and making itself the shrill scold of the universe, under a mistaken sense of its own self-assertion.

Conscious strength is calm and courteous ever—not spasmodically and hysterically ready to take offense, with or without cause. Nay, it behoves a great and generous nation to be contemptuously forbearing in small causes of quarrel, and especially so with weaker powers.

The old Roman maxim, to "war on the strong, but spare the weak," was a generous and a wise one.

Unhappily, the only thing Roman about this Government of ours to-day is the "Military" or "Pretorian Ring" which surrounds the President, and the corruptions which accompanied the latter days of the empire to which we have compared it.

To bluster with the strong, and then back down from it—as in the English "Case"—but to bully the weak unmercifully, and persist in it, are not the modes by which to make ourselves either beloved or respected abroad.

Macaulay, in one of his essays, says that the eminent personal respectability of George III. was a national misfortune, for it prevented popular indignation from causing needful reforms in administration.

So may we say of our present piebald Administration, in its Department of State; for the practice of personal virtues and high respectability in its head does not prevent its hands from being paralytic, or its heart corrupt.

If Talleyrand's axiom be true, and in diplomacy "a blunder is worse than a crime," then are we unfortunate indeed, for we have an Administration committing both.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

THINGS have certainly altered hugely in a literary and scientific way during the half-century since a British reviewer tauntingly inquired: "Who reads an American book?" Our European cousins have in late years answered that question for themselves, by perusing American writings on almost all subjects with a degree of attention which amply atones for an old taunt that had more foundation than our people were willing to allow, however unpleasant the fact, in the time of its utterance. During that half-century, American readers have not only vastly multiplied for American authors, but have devoured the best works (with many others not so good) from the Old World, with an avidity that amazes some of our trans-Atlantic friends. Our National and States Governments, as well as our people, are now freely complimented by them in a general and generous spirit akin to the eulogies which we lately quoted from British astronomers toward their American brethren: "We have on various occasions alluded to the large amount of encouragement to the pursuit of science afforded by the governing powers of the United States—both by the Central Federal Government at Washington, and by those of the individual States," says the editor of *Nature*—adding that, "The sums of money voted for such purposes by our American relations would make the hair of our economical Government officials in this country stand on end, and would be certain to provoke angry comment in our House of Commons; while the number of scientific men paid for carrying out the investigations, and preparing reports on various subjects of great practical value for the welfare of the country, would almost bear comparison with the number we (in Great Britain) pay for doing nothing, or for obstructing all rational improvements." In reviewing a recently published popular work on scientific subjects, another British critic gives vent to his astonishment, in an equally emphatic way, concerning the reading propensities of the American people. "It is wonderful, but still it is not the less true," he says, "that scientific readers, or readers of scientific books, are in a vastly larger proportion in the United States of America than they are here. It is perfectly amazing to be installed into the secrets of some New York publisher, and find that books of which you hardly heard at home, treating on questions of special scientific importance, have had a sale in New York which is reckoned by thousands. Still, England is the producer, if she be not the reader, of scientific books; and in no instance is this fact more fully or admirably illustrated than in the case of the work under notice"—entitled, "Light Science for Leisure Hours," by Richard A. Proctor.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* gives a very interesting account of Japanese progress. He says the Mikado continues to as-

tonish the world by the reforms which he accomplishes. Schools are the object of his particular attention. At Yedo alone five new colleges, capable of accommodating from fifteen hundred to three thousand children, have been established, and the largest house in the city has been especially set apart for instruction in science and modern languages. Twenty-three Frenchmen have been engaged as military, and ten Englishmen as naval instructors. Meanwhile manufacturing interests are not neglected, and twenty shoemakers and ten brewers are on their way from Bavaria. The civilizing influence of lager will no doubt, therefore, soon begin to tell upon the Japanese. The writer says that it is nowadays a title of honor to do the very things which would have cost you your life but a short time ago. The Code Napoleon is being translated, and will become the basis of a new system of law. Religious affairs also come in for their share of attention, and the very strong step has been taken of ordering the Buddhist temples to be closed.

THE most notable feature connected with the efforts of Reform Republicans to get at and ferret out the shortcomings and frauds of the present Administration, is the persistent and offensive manner of General Grant's friends in the Senate, in the first place to prevent investigation, and failing in that, to pack its investigating committees. In the case of the New York Custom House, at the outset, but one man not known to be a thick-and-thin partisan of the President was appointed on the committee. Senator Pool declining to serve, a second, Senator Casserley, was named. The scandal was so obvious, that even Conkling blushed! But scandalous as was the original composition of that committee—obvious as was its original and determined purpose to "whitewash" the President and his friends, the scandal and the outrages have been more than duplicated in the composition of the committee to investigate what is called the "French Arms Scandal." We confess that we don't think much of the affair. We believe in selling arms, as we would butter, to anybody who can pay for them. We have little doubt that General Dyer and the Military Ring got a good percentage on everything they had to do with. Every department of the Government is, and has been, "on the make," from the President all through, and we do not see that, under the universal rule of corruption, the Ordnance Department should alone be called on to be immaculate. But we do object to the impudence, the outrage on all fairness, of men who place on a committee which the Senate has voted to raise none but those who—with the probable exception of General Logan—are committed to suffocate, and thwart if they cannot suffocate, the whole investigation!

IT is pleasant to notice in such a thoroughly Republican journal as the *Evening Post*, such old-fashioned, manly and truthful expressions as the following, which are in reference to the recent attempt in Congress to establish a system of national education, against which Senator Carpenter, Republican, and Senator Thurman, Democrat, protested, on the ground of unconstitutionality:

"During the war we were compelled to wink at many stretches, and even at some abuses of power; but, the moment the war closed, every man in the nation and every party in the nation ought to have set their face against the wrong. Nor is it too late now to begin the reform. We hear a great deal of new departures of late; but, in our opinion, the best new departure that any body of men could make would be like that of Sawney, when he was caught crawling toward a henroost, 'Bock again.' We must depart from the errors into which we have wandered, and assume our original position. The mischiefs that have been already wrought, and the greater mischiefs that are likely to be wrought by the inflations of centralism, are only too obvious, and we rejoice to see prominent men of both parties denouncing them with honest indignation. It is our thunder, but it is at the service of all the world."

How the cause of Grant-Murphy Republicanism prospers among the Irish may be inferred from the valedictory of Mr. Michael Scanlan in the last number of the *Irish Republic*, upon retiring from the editorship of that journal. He says:

"With this issue the connection of the undersigned with the *Irish Republic* ceases. Since the Hon. Thomas Murphy purchased this journal, my position has been rather unpleasant. It would take too much time, at present, to explain the brutal treatment—the devilish torturing—which has forced my withdrawal from the *Irish Republic*. I have one gratification in 'stepping out,' and that is, that our gallant countryman, O'Donovan Rossa, is to take charge of the *Republic*. Mr. Murphy could not select a better man, and the readers of the paper may rest assured that it will not suffer in Rossa's hands."

In the same number he uses the following language:

"The grand principles of Republicanism, which we all loved, became centred in one Irishman in New York, and there was no room for other Irishmen. Mr. Murphy was the loadstone mountain, and the editor of the *Irish Republic* was the needle that refused to turn to the mountain. Hence—"

Now, while this indicates Murphy's unfitness for the business of a newspaper publisher, it

also proves—what scarcely needed proof—Grant's insane folly in supposing that an ignorant fellow like Murphy could produce any effect upon the Irish vote. And what opinion must be entertained of a President who not only degrades himself by making a boon companion of such a man, but insults the nation by giving him the most important office in the country, making him the successor of gentlemen like Cornelius W. Lawrence, Hugh Maxwell, Augustus Schell and Chief-Judge Bronson? We are happy, however, to learn from Mr. Scanlan, that Grant's Irish party in New York is a unit.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Parisian Bowling Club.

There is a bowling club in Paris, which, having survived revolution, invasion, insurrection, and various proposed forms of government, still meets and plays, calm and serene, in its simple integrity. Cricket has scarcely outlived the spasmodic efforts of its Parisian supporters to acclimatize it in the Bois de Boulogne. "Le Sport" languishes under a Republic. All the fish in the Seine were caught during the siege of the capital. There is very little shooting, one would think, after the fusillades of the evil time just past, for the birds must have been scared away from such woods as are left. Billiards—pah!—hot, stifling rooms, the mingled fumes of bad gas and worse tobacco, the lees of coarse wine, the company of marksmen and touts. Amidst all the game of bowling still survives in the Boulevard d'Enfer, where the club, which calls itself an "academy," meets and asserts the dignity of humanity by its profound calm, its serious grace, its superiority to the strife and tumult of the outer world. Our engraving shows several members of the club engaged in their favorite pastime.

Liberated Paris Communists.

It was stated the other day in the French National Assembly that the number of prisoners yet awaiting their trial for different offenses connected with the revolt of the Communists in Paris, between March 18th and May 27th last year, is about six thousand. But the courts-martial at Versailles have been very busy ever since Midsummer, and more than twenty thousand cases, great and small, have somehow been decided. Most of the poor, forlorn wretches, who seemed to have joined the ranks of social disorder from no settled political conviction, but from sheer recklessness, in their ignorance of the right and might of civil authority, and in despair of finding a better way to satisfy their natural wants, have been discharged from prison, sufficiently punished by several months' detention at Satory or elsewhere. It is a melancholy sight to watch the gathering of a few such disconsolate fellows at the door of wine-shop, and to note their furtive glances of hatred and fear when the gendarmes or the sergeants-de-ville pass by; or to overhear the bitterly sarcastic complaints with which one will expose his destitute plight to his sympathizing comrades, who seem to be in no better condition.

Feast of Trumpets at Rome.

This is a sort of Feast of Trumpets, in honor of the Befana (corruption of Epiphany), who is a good fairy, supposed to bring all sorts of presents for children and deposit them in the stalls near the Pantheon—trumpets especially. "We went," says the artist, "in a rather strong party, and as we neared the place our ears were saluted with such a squealing, squalling and trumpeting as to make us think that we were close to a Pandemonium rather than a Pantheon. The crowd thickens as we advance, and we crush and squeeze through it, and defend the drums of our ears from impudent trumpets as best we can. Then we determine to retaliate; so we arm ourselves, some with trumpets, some with whistling clay figures—caricatures, maybe, of noted men. Look at these two, with inflated cheeks and spouts of trumpets for mouths, making their faces like masks of ancient comedy. There are Satyrs, Fauns, and perhaps the great god Pan alive again amongst us. Here is a Faun blowing on a double pipe, like an antique *bass-relief*! Sometimes a shadow falls across our heads, and we look up, and fancy some great vampire is hovering over us. It is a paper harlequin, with legs and arms gesticulating furiously, borne aloft by some merry grig below. Everybody crushes and is crushed. Though we had been squeezed enough in an hour, this Saturnalia still went on with unabated vigor, and we woke up in the night to hear the street below us resounding with trumpets."

A Carnival Scene on the Great Canal at Venice.

Venice, through all its changes, remains picturesque in its festivities and gay life. Our illustration shows the Carnival stripped of the grosser features which have recently put an end to it in Paris. Gondolas, richly decorated, glide gently along; serenades sung as only Italian voices render them, resound on all sides; beautiful ladies are waving their handkerchiefs in acknowledgment of the honor paid them, and salute with enthusiasm the gay gondoliers. The night is serene; a subtle perfume steals through the atmosphere, and in the ivory moonlight all seems fantastic and unreal—as little like this matter-of-fact nineteenth century world of ours as man can well conceive.

A Kangaroo Hunt in Australia.

Our engraving represents a kangaroo hunt in Australia. On the great level plains, especially in the western parts of Victoria, the kangaroos have increased prodigiously since the tribes of the aborigines, who used to hunt them for food, have become almost extinct; and as a kangaroo is said to consume for his sustenance twice as much grass as a sheep, the squatters, for the sake of their "woolly birds," are obliged at intervals to declare war against the mock-eyed and long-tailed fraternity of marsupials. A large number of horsemen, beaters and dogs form an immense circle, and then converge from all points of the compass, and in this manner some thousands of kangaroos and other wild animals are encircled and killed. Although when unmolested the kangaroo is one of the most harmless of quadrupeds, he is dangerous when driven to bay, observes Colonel Mundy, to young and unwary dogs, from the strength with which he uses the long sharp claw of his hind foot—a weapon nearly as formidable as the wild boar's tusk. When hard pressed, he not unfrequently takes to the water-hole, where from his stature he has great advantage over the dogs, ducking them under water, and sometimes drowning them as they swim to the attack.

Preparations at St. Paul's Cathedral for the Thanksgiving Service.

The recent national Thanksgiving Services in England, upon the recovery of the Prince of Wales, have been chronicled by telegraph in every part of our country. The mail now brings us, not the detailed history of the day illustrated by the artist, but only the preparations for the event, of which our engraving gives a specimen. The interior of St. Paul's Cathedral was, during the fortnight previous occupied, by several hundreds of workmen—carpenters and up-

holsters, employed in fitting up galleries and erecting tiers of benches for a congregation of more than 12,000 persons. The whole area of the ground-floor under the dome was to be furnished with chairs, with the exception of a short space around the outside portion. In the transepts, on each side of the dome, three tiers of galleries were erected, which were in form in height with those at the west end of the nave, and reached to the upper cornice of the edifice. In addition to the galleries and other erections inside the edifice, there were covered ways and setting-down platforms at each entrance; whilst retiring rooms for both ladies and gentlemen were erected at different points about the building. The preparations in every department were also appropriate to the grandeur of the occasion.

Hope Town, the Scene of the Assassination of Lord Mayo.

The murder of the Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, by an Afghan convict, was committed at the penal settlement of Port Blair, in the Andaman Islands. The Andamans, off the coast of the Malayan Peninsula, south of Pegu or British Burmah, in the Bay of Bengal, consist of four islands with several islets, in 92 deg. 30 min. east longitude, and occupying a space which extends from 10 deg. 32 min. to 13 deg. 40 min. north latitude. Our illustration gives a truthful representation of the pier at Hope Town where the assassination took place.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

OF 128 members of the New York House of Assembly, 105 are married.

A SWEDISH named Larsen, is said to be the best billiard-player in Europe.

A BRONZE statue of General Israel Putnam is to be erected at Hartford.

GOVERNOR HOLDEN, of North Carolina, declines the Ministryship to Peru.

THE favorite sultana of His Majesty of Turkey is only eleven years old.

GENERAL J. R. HAWLEY is President of the National Centennial Commission.

MR. BRIGHT's friends are convinced that his health is not perfectly re-established.

A GOLD chain weighing three pounds troy is worn by the Lord Mayor of London.

THE colored West Pointer, Cadet Smith, is engaged to a young lady of Philadelphia.

REV. DR. ROBINSON, of Rochester, has accepted the Presidency of the Brown University.

CARL SCHURZ, when he speaks, wears spectacles, stands behind his chair, and gesticulates freely.

BARON ROTHSCHILD, of Frankfort, has taken his seat in the German Parliament as a Peer of Prussia.

THE late Senator Grimes, three days before his death, denounced in severe terms Grant's Administration.

MR. C. F. DANIELS, who married the widow of General Rawlins, is an accomplished organist and pianist.

PAREPA and CARL ROSA celebrated their wooden wedding at Philadelphia on the 26th of February.

MR. GILGOUR, of Cincinnati, has given the city land and money, on condition that it erect an observatory.

JOSEPH F. PAGE, of Philadelphia, has presented a building lot worth \$30,000 to the city, for a site for a Baptist Home.

THE Baroness Talleyrand wore over \$500,000 worth of jewels on a costume of a lady of Turkistan at a Florence ball recently.

CHANG, the Chinese giant, has found a wife in Australia, the lady, we are told, reaching up to the lower button of his waistcoat.

TOM HUGHES writes that "the average American citizen is one of the most reserved, taciturn and matter-of-fact of mortals."

A RECENT visitor to Mr. Carlyle's study says that "an earthquake might turn it upside down, but could not add to its disarrangement."

MINNIE HAUCK, the American prima donna, has been offered by the Empress of Austria the position of cantatrice to her Majesty for life.

DR. IRENAEUS PRIME is a little over sixty years old. He is still sprightly as a boy, and although slightly bald, looks almost as young as one.

A MONUMENT has been erected to William Penn in Lancaster County, Pa., on the spot where he held a conference with the Shawnee chieftains.

A RESIDENT of Cortlandt, N. Y., prays sick people into health at \$1 a prayer, six for \$6. The business is a light one, and but small capital is required.

BECAUSE of his friendship for Governor Warmoth during the New Orleans troubles, U. S. G. will remove his wife's cousin, General Longstreet, from his position as Surveyor.

THEY have a new way of sinking wells at Brownsville, Texas. A man named Atheson Wells, while wading in the river, stepped into a quicksand, and vanished from sight in a second.

KING AMADEUS is so suspicious of his subjects and the members of the household, that he imagines every time he has pain in his stomach or a cold in his head that he is poisoned.

BE-TUCK-SIN, an Indian residing on Cass River, Tuscola County, Mich., has been to Europe, where he was presented to Queen Victoria.

A REPORT is going the rounds of the Press that Sergeant Boston Corbett, the slayer of Wilkes Booth, is dead. If he is not, he ought to be, for he has been in the grave nearly these two years.

THE magnificence of the recent gifts to Moltke, Von Roon, Prince Charles, and others, by Kaiser William, excite comment. Each of the favorites received three hundred thousand thalers.

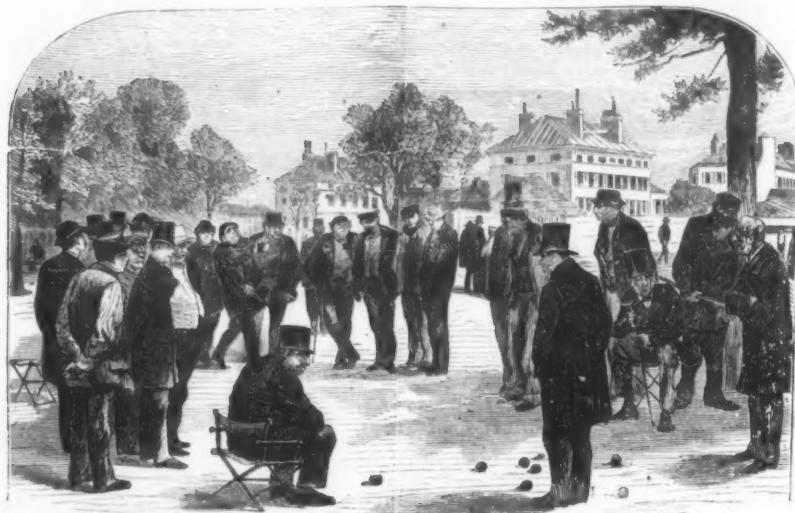
QUEEN VICTORIA has presented her groom, John Brown, with a gold medal, and has granted him an annuity of £25, in recognition of his promptness in arresting O'Connor when he assaulted her Majesty.

THE FRIEND of his Relatives, instead of participating in the nation's reception to the Japanese guests at the Masonic Hall, Washington, ran away to a wedding in Philadelphia. Is he to be a director in the new banking firm in return?

IN Sweden only a limited number of saloon licenses are granted, and these are sold at auction. The saloons must close at a fixed hour; no liquor may be sold to a child or a drunkard; and no money can be recovered for liquor sold on credit.

MR. JAMES HYDE, of Newton Highlands, near Boston, died recently in the ninetieth year of his age. He was the father of Mr. John Hyde, an artist of this establishment, and a gentleman highly esteemed for his intelligence and genial nature.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See PRECEDING PAGE.



FRANCE.—TYPES OF PARISIAN LIFE—THE BOWLING CLUB ON THE BOULEVARD D'ENFER.



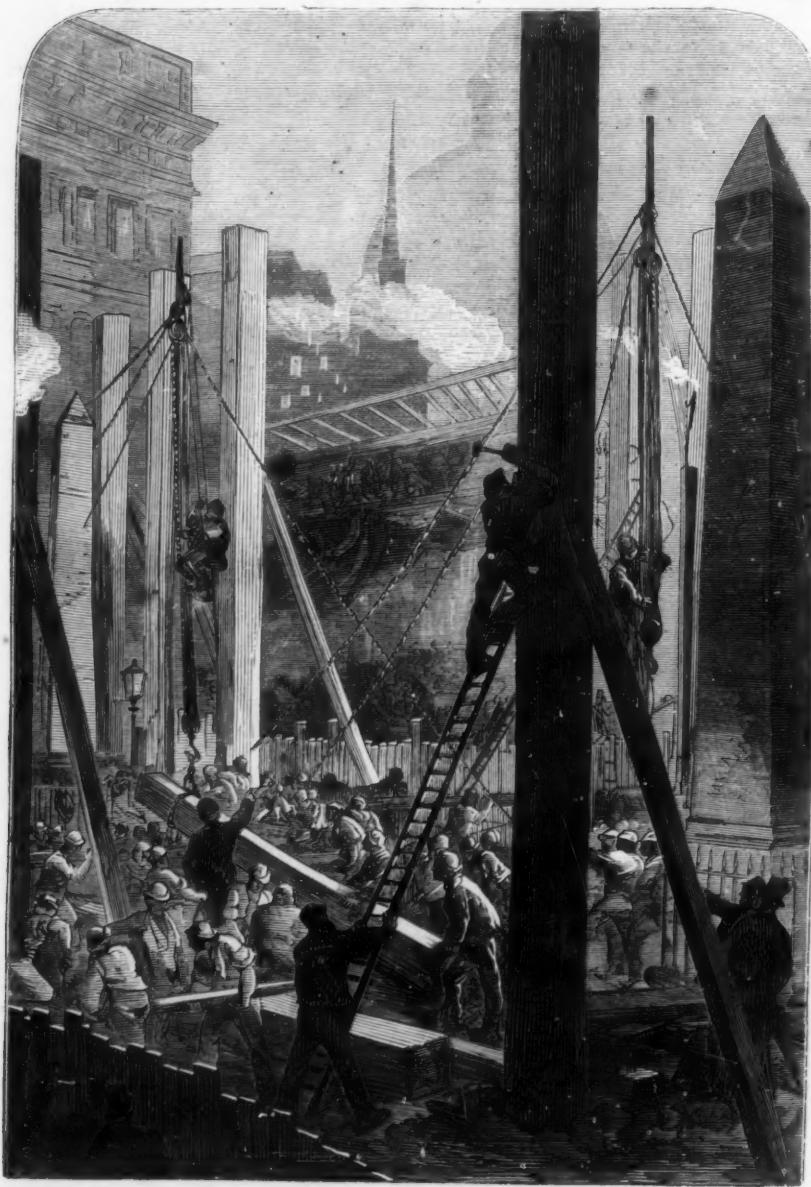
FRANCE.—LIBERATED FRENCH COMMUNISTS AT MONT MARTRÉ.



ITALY.—FEAST OF TRUMPETS, AT ROME, IN HONOR OF THE BEFANA.



AUSTRALIA.—THE KANGAROO HUNT.



ENGLAND.—PREPARATIONS AT ST. PAUL'S FOR THE NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.



ITALY.—CARNIVAL AT VENICE—SERENADE ON THE GRAND CANAL.



INDIA.—HOPE TOWN, SHOWING THE PIER WHERE LORD MAYO WAS ASSASSINATED.



RESCUE OF THE CREW OF THE SHIPWRECKED SCHOONER "HARRY CONRAD," OFF CAPE MAY, BY THE STEAMER "ALBEMARLE," OF THE OLD DOMINION LINE.
From a Sketch by J. W. Bailey.—See PAGE 23.

THE SNOWDROP.

SWEET are the blooms of Spring,
Blue in her footprints sown;
Their hues the hues of heaven,
Their fragrant breath her own.

Fair as Summer is fair,
Rosebud with rosebud vies,
Sweet with the odorous morns,
Red with the sunset dyes.

Sweeter and fairer yet
The blooms of Winter blow
White in a world of white,
Snow-blossoms of the snow.

Take, then, oh, darling mine!
These flowers, all thine own,
As "To the Fairest" sent,
For thee and thee alone.

And as their beauty moves
Thy spirit to delight,
A deeper sense will stir;
Bright eyes will glow more bright.

A subtle charm will fire
Thy heart with sudden heat;
The pulses of thy youth
Throb to a quicker beat;

Gazing thou wilt rejoice,
Yet wherefore wilt not learn,
Hidden from thee the spell
That other eyes discern.

Thou that art pure and fair,
Thou wilt not understand
The emblem of thyself,
Grasped in thy whiter hand.

With innocence, and truth,
And purity thy dower,
Thou art the snowdrop, thou
The Angel of the Flower!

MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY

FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER II.

IT had been midsummer when I sailed from the shores of Italy, and now the first glories of Autumn tinged the distant forests as I ended the journey which brought me to my new home.

I had been met in New York by the lawyer of my guardian, Mrs. Phelps, with letters from her apologizing for not meeting me on the score of illness, and expressing in cold, courteous language her satisfaction at receiving me in her house, and her regret at the bereavement which had overtaken me in that foreign land.

I did not remember Mrs. Phelps in the least; the only duty of guardianship which had fallen upon her was to write me letters of chilly advice at long intervals; and Allan Ramsay had never told me much about her, except that she was an old friend of my mother.

On his deathbed I learned that some sort of mystery and trouble overhung the old house to which I was going; but there was no time for clear explanations, so I only looked forward to my residence there with a vague restlessness, born, perhaps, out of the double grief under which I touched my native land.

It was in the forenoon when we reached the Battery. I had no difficulty in finding Mr. Grow, the lawyer, as soon as I reached the hotel. He came, a commonplace man of business, informed me that he would take me up to Mrs. Phelps's residence without delay, telegraphed to her to expect my arrival, and did everything that was necessary, in a dry, stiff way, which was not pleasant to me.

The little journey in the steamboat was over; a carriage met us at the landing, and through the quiet sunset we entered the avenue which led to my new home—my wanderings were over.

The lawyer had not spoken ten words to me during the whole time. Old Teresa had exhausted her conversational powers, and was comfortably asleep, on the front seat, so there was nothing to disturb my reflections.

I looked eagerly about as we drove up the winding avenue, stately pines that sighed and moaned in the evening wind; I caught glimpses of the irregular mansion with its broad wings and jutting porches; I could see the gleam of water beyond, and everything looked so desolate and solemn, that my heart sank more deeply than ever.

The carriage drew up at the entrance; old Teresa woke with a groan; the lawyer lifted me out and helped me up the steps.

The servant who appeared led us through a noble hall into a library at the back of the house, which looked out upon the lake, and went away to inform Mrs. Phelps of our arrival.

In a few moments she entered—a tall, stately woman, elegant and graceful in manner, but with nothing warm or affectionate about her; coming up to me, kissing me indifferently on the forehead, uttering a few commonplaces which meant nothing at all, and making me wonder even in that first moment if nothing could ever warm her into any show of feeling.

In less than half an hour she had shown me up to my room, with an intimation that dinner would be served as soon as I was dressed, and then I stood in my new apartments staring drearily at Teresa, and Teresa staring drearily at me.

"Very pretty rooms, Miss Elly," she said, at last, and I roused myself from my mournful reverie to take a survey of the place.

There were three chambers in all, separated from the corridor by a little ante-room, filled with flowering plants. The apartment in which I stood was fitted up as a sort of boudoir; be-

yond that was an elegant dressing-room, with the bedchamber closing in the whole.

A refined taste had superintended every detail; and I could see that the apartments had been arranged with a special view to my occupation. The furniture of the boudoir was of some black foreign wood, carved in a light fantastic pattern, prettily covered with blue silk. The curtains over the doors and windows were to correspond, and there was every elegant appointment and trifle which would be likely to please a girl. This room was at the back of the house, and the view from the casements was lovely, looking out across the lake and the pleasant shrubberies, which merged into a dense grove at the left of the house; a range of hills, purple and golden in the sunset, closing in the prospect miles and miles away.

I was thinking and feeling nothing—only conscious of a dreary weight at my heart—a dull, leaden pain, which left me without courage or strength, only making me long to lie down and be at rest for ever.

Since reading that letter, I had found no time to reflect—I had only gone on remembering always that my life had ended with my preservation from the tempest—that I was utterly hopeless and alone. I could not think then. Teresa had unpacked a trunk, and was ready to dress me; but I did not permit the operation to be a lengthy one. I had found no time, of course, before sailing, to procure mourning for my guardian, so I put on a plain black silk dress, with no ornament but a little pearl chain, which I wore a great deal because it had belonged to my mother.

"She looks just as pretty as ever," I heard Teresa mutter; and for the first time I glanced in the mirror.

It was an altered face—I could see that. The varied experiences which the past two months had forced upon me had made it look less bright and girlish; but I thought little about the matter. I had liked once to be called beautiful because it gratified my guardian. I had been pleased when Robert Gray showed me that he thought I was handsome; but it made no difference now.

I found my way down to the library again; it was no easy matter to a stranger, for the house was full of irregular passages branching off from the main halls, half of them running nowhere at all and forming a complete labyrinth, interspersed with odd steps that seemed put there for the express purpose of trapping the unwary.

Old and gloomy enough the house looked, but it seemed a very stately affair, and of immense proportions, as if it had been added to and enlarged from time to time, just to please the fancy of the different owners.

When I entered the library, Mrs. Phelps was seated by the fire, which burned brightly on the stone hearth; for though the evening was not chilly, that great room seemed to need the pleasant blaze to make it all cheerful.

Standing on the opposite side of the hearth, with his elbow resting carelessly against the mantel as he leaned toward his companion, was a young man; and in my first surprise, I entirely forgot that I knew Mrs. Phelps had a son.

They both turned round at the sound of the opening door. Mrs. Phelps gave me another of her indifferent smiles.

"Pray come to the fire, Miss Vaughn! Let me present my son Richard to you."

The gentleman came forward with a manner full of frank cordiality, appearing even more *impassé* from its contrast to Mrs. Phelps's coldness, and held out his hand, saying:

"I am very, very glad to welcome you to Fernden, Miss Vaughn! You must be completely exhausted after all you have gone through—to think of your voyage ending in such a dreadful way!"

He led me to a chair, and stood leaning over it, talking to me all the while, and I listened and answered as well as I was able, my mind lost in an attempt to think of whom it was he reminded me; yet not pleasantly, and feeling even in those first moments a thrill of repugnance, which was as unreasonable as it was unaccountable. He was a very handsome man; tall and well made, with beautiful dark eyes and hair; but it was a face that did not please me. I had seen enough of the world to be something of a character-reader, and Richard Phelps's countenance struck me as a deceitful one, trained to express only what he chose; and there was a defiant, dissipated look, which displeased me more than all the rest.

We went out to dinner, which was an elegant repast and admirably served. Richard Phelps talked incessantly, and remarkably well. I could see that the cold, stately woman who was to be my associate for a year at least, had one human weakness—her love for her son was little short of idolatry.

He alluded briefly, but very feelingly, to my guardian's sudden death; then he asked me numerous questions about my voyage, but I answered those in a vague way. I cannot tell why, but I was not willing to mention Robert Gray's name to any one, and before coming to the house I had extracted a solemn promise from Teresa to be equally guarded.

Mr. Grow had gone back to the city, so that we three were quite alone, and, thanks to Richard Phelps, it was a very pleasant evening.

It was natural to me to begin studying people with whom I found myself in contact; and even before that first evening was over, I noticed a peculiarity in my hostess which not all her pride and haughtiness could wholly conceal.

She looked like a person who lived in a state of constant self-restraint, as if, too, she had a secret on her mind which she could never banish for an instant, and which made her nervous and restless in spite of her strong will.

After dinner, we left Mr. Phelps to smoke his cigar in peace, and as we went into the hall, she said to me:

"I want to take you into the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Byerson remembers you as a baby, and is very anxious to see you."

I had not heard the name in years, but I recollect having seen her as a child, and been petted and cried over by her, and my guardian had told me she had once been a favorite servant of my mother's.

"Oh, I shall be very glad to see her," I said; "I recollect her; she is almost the only person I can recollect in this country."

Mrs. Phelps looked politely indifferent. I had already begun to think that she was by no means pleased at having to take upon herself the duties of guardian to a young girl.

We entered the housekeeper's room, and an elderly woman, with a face of buoyant good nature and a wonderful cap, came forward to meet us.

"This is Miss Vaughn," said Mrs. Phelps. The little woman looked uncertain what to do. I could see she was longing to throw her arms about my neck. My heart yearned toward her at once, for I knew it was the memory of the love she had borne my unknown mother which softened her thus.

"Dear Aunty Ruth!" I exclaimed. She first flung both arms about me and sobbed like a child, uttering words of broken welcome and love. Then she had to hold me off at arm's-length and look at me, to call me all sorts of affectionate names, and embrace me again and again.

"She's the picture of her mother," she exclaimed to Mrs. Phelps, who had stood by, quiet and composed. "I'd think it was my Miss Elly come back to life and youth."

"And you must let me be your Miss Elly," I said; "I want to be loved and petted, just as you loved my mother."

"It's her voice, too!" cried the old woman. "How it carries me back!"

She broke down again, and this time I cried, too, till Mrs. Phelps gently reproached the housekeeper for agitating me.

"Yes," said Ruth, "I'm an old fool, but I can't help it. Don't you see what an image of her mother she is?"

For the first time Mrs. Phelps's face softened as she looked at me. She had loved my mother very dearly. In that moment I suppose the remembrance of her lost friend made her feel kindly toward her child.

"I do see the resemblance," she said.

The old housekeeper had a thousand questions to ask, but Mrs. Phelps checked her when she began to speak of Mr. Ramsay.

"You must wait a few days," she said. "Miss Vaughn must have perfect rest; you forget how much she has gone through."

"Nigh drowned, too!" cried old Ruth. "It makes me all of a tremble to think of it."

I stood talking with her a little longer; then Mrs. Phelps made a move to go. Ruth kissed and hugged me again, promised to come to my room in the morning, and finally let me retire.

"She is a perfect darling of an old woman," I said, as we passed through the hall.

"She is an invaluable servant," Mrs. Phelps replied; "fanciful and fond of her own way, but honest and capable beyond expression."

"I have had no time," I said, "to thank you for your kindness to me, dear madame—"

"There is no need," she interrupted. "Your mother was the one friend of my girlhood; on her deathbed I promised to share the duties of guardian with Mr. Ramsay. I am quite ready and willing to fulfill that promise."

She spoke in her usual quiet way, but I felt grateful.

"You are very, very kind," I said. "Uncle Allen was used to me, but it seems a little hard that you should have a young girl suddenly thrust in upon your quiet."

"You are welcome," she said, and I could see she tried to throw more warmth into her manner. "I was afraid you would dislike coming here—it is such a gloomy place, and that terrible event, of which we need not speak, has kept my son and myself much aloof from society during the past three years—but we will try to make the house more cheerful now."

What did she mean? She evidently thought I had heard from Mr. Ramsay the particulars of the trouble which had darkened their dwelling, but I was in complete ignorance, except that I remembered three years before he had been much agitated by news from America, and I understood that my joint guardian was connected with it. So I made no answer at all, and after a moment's silence she added:

"You will understand how we shrink from all reference to that time, dear Miss Vaughn; I beg you will never even think of it, but if it makes you nervous about staying in the house, you must tell me so frankly, and other arrangements shall be made."

I could only thank her in a confused sort of way, and we passed on to the library again, with my wonder growing more strong.

"We sit here a great deal of an evening," Mrs. Phelps observed, in a tone which said that the other subject was dismissed finally; "it is a pleasant old room."

Her son came in from the dining-room as we entered.

"So you have been to visit Aunty Byerson, Miss Vaughn. I suppose she nearly devoured you! For the last six weeks she has been in a perfect fever, and when we got the telegram this morning telling us of all your disasters, I thought she would have gone insane."

"I am charmed with her," I replied; "you can't think how pleasant it is to me to find some one who treats me like a child."

"It is nice to be petted," he said. "I make large demands on my mother in that way."

I saw her smile fondly in his face—I saw the tired, mournful look which chased the smile away—then that mask of pride shut hastily down over either feeling.

We sat about the fire conversing very pleasantly, and then for the first time I began to feel how exhausted I was; the constant excitement I had been in for the past two days had kept me up.

"You look very, very pale," Mr. Phelps said, suddenly.

"She ought not to be sitting up," his mother added. "Dear Miss Vaughn, bed will be the best place for you, and I think to-morrow we must make certain that it is only fatigue which ails you."

"There is nothing else," I replied. "I did not know I was so completely worn out till now."

"A night's rest, I trust, will restore you." Richard said, kindly.

"I have no doubt of it," I returned, "and I think I will seek it now."

Richard gave me his arm, and both he and his mother went with me up-stairs. Teresa was there, busy over the trunks, and they left me to her care with a great many civil words, Mrs. Phelps telling me she should send up a soothing draught which I must take. So they left me; I sank weakly in a chair, and bade Teresa undress me at once.

She very soon had me comfortably in bed, but when the soothing draught came, Ruth Byerson brought it herself.

"I was afraid you were sick," she said.

"Only completely worn out, Aunt Ruth—I may call you so?"

"Bless you, darling, yes! I see now you are dreadfully pale. The excitement of getting to a new place is gone off."

"I shall be quite well in the morning, aunty."

"But you must lie in bed for a day or two," she urged.

"Oh, I never do that, even if I am sick!"

"Just like your dear mother—she always would keep up to the last. Oh, you are like her, very like her!"

"And you will love me for it?" I asked, feeling childish and weak, and longing for affection and comfort.

"Child," she said, solemnly, while her face worked with agitation, "I loved your mother better than my own kin. I should have gone to Europe when Mr. Ramsay went, but I had a baby of my own. Since then, first one thing and then another has kept me from going; but during all these years you've never been out of my mind—never!"

She checked herself for fear of agitating me, kissed me fondly, made me drink the hot mixture she had prepared, and laid me down among the pillows as softly as if I had been a young bird that needed help. She sat for a little while at the foot of the bed, talking cheerfully to me, promising to pet and make much of me, and at last, when she saw that I was quiet and inclined to sleep, she left a kiss on my forehead and stole softly out of the room.

My mind was a strange chaos, from suffering and exhaustion. I could not think fixedly upon any subject; I was like a person under the influence of partial delirium, but through it all came up the remembrance of that cruel letter which lay upon my bosom still, and I moaned again and again.

"If we had only died—died together!"

At last my weariness overcame even that stern pain, and I slept soundly for many hours, dreaming pleasantly of a season golden as the Italian brightness in which I had first met Robert Gray—drifting away through a sunlit sea, with him by my side, and conscious that we should never part again.

I was roused from that peaceful slumber by a shock so terrible that it seemed to me a nightmare must suddenly have seized me. Before I was conscious of what I did, I had sprung out of bed and was rushing wildly toward the door, while that fearful shriek which had roused me from rest rang out again, and utterly paralyzed me with horror and rear.

It was a wail that sounded hardly human in its intensity—a long, piercing scream, dying into a plaintive moan.

I got to the door and opened it. At that moment Mrs. Phelps rushed along the corridor, and I fell helpless at her feet. She called wildly for her son, and presently Richard came toward us, partially dressed, and carrying a light in his hand.

"What is it?" I moaned, without trying to rise. "Tell me—tell me! What is it?"

A face of such mortal agony as that woman bent on me I never saw before; but though she was trembling in every limb, she forced herself into a sort of composure that was more dreadful than the most unrestrained terror that we have been.

Without waiting to speak, Richard ran into my room, and hurried back with a shawl which he folded about me. Between them they raised me from the floor and half-carried me into my boudoir.

"I don't know how to apologize," Richard said, hastily, as they laid me on a sofa.

"Oh, what was it?" I exclaimed. "That fearful, fearful cry—I can hear it yet."

Mrs.

"You were as much frightened as I was," I said.

"Yes—I was sound asleep. I believe I nearly had a fit. It was very thoughtless of Richard. I will open the door into Teresa's room. Good-night."

She said it all very fast, and hurried away. I lay still, but I never closed my eyes till daylight peered in through the curtains, and that horrible chill and dread never once left me.

Richard Phelps had not told the truth. It was the shriek of no night-bird which had roused us—that, at least, I was certain.

(To be continued.)

OUR HOMELESS POOR; OR, “HOW THE OTHER HALF OF THE WORLD LIVES.”

IV.

LODGING-HOUSES.

A NIGHT IN LODGING-HOUSE CELLARS.

THAT cold night when we stood in the dreary inclosure in Donovan's Lane, afraid of moving, for every step threatened disaster, it seemed to us that nothing on earth could be more forlorn than the place we were in—lighted only by the lantern, carried by our kind conductor—half-flooded with dirty water, in which heaps of decayed vegetables, lumps of frozen ashes, and loose cobblestones floated or offered a treacherous toothold.

Thus picking our way, holding by the rough bricks of the buildings and catching at a broken shutter now and then for safety, we entered another alleyway, dark as blackness, and of a length that took away our courage. Thus, following the faint glimmer of the lantern, and treading close on each other's footsteps, we came out in Baxter Street, a locality still more repulsive and degraded, if possible, than the one we had left. In fact, in that imperfect light, it seemed merely a narrow lane, choked up with mud, and fenced in with the broken walls of houses that no human being should live in.

The first dwelling we entered was a cellar, some six feet beneath the level of the street, in which lodgers were kept. The steps by which we reached this miserable den were so broken, that great precaution was necessary in descending them. At last, our conductor knocked at a rickety door, riddled with cracks, through which a dim light and the sound of voices came dimly. This was opened to the rather peremptory summons, and revealed a picture of desolation that few prisons can equal.

There was literally no furniture in the room, except the frames of two bottomless chairs; nor was there the sign of a bed anywhere. A rusty old stove stood nearly opposite the door, which gave out a smoldering heat, and upon a board above it stood a smoky oil-lamp, which sickened what little of pure atmosphere our entrance had let into the room. Around this stove some half-dozen men were sitting on broken boxes, from which sharp splinters were protruding in every direction, rendering a passage through the room dangerous. Two women were standing against the wall, for there was not even broken boxes for them; and in a narrow hole, deeper in the cellar, two old men lay sleeping heavily, without even straw to keep them from the damp floor.

Though late at night, those men about the stove seemed to have made no preparation for sleeping, but would probably lie down on the floor some time in the night, and get an hour or two of miserable repose. They seemed a good deal disturbed by so large an addition to their company, but kept respectfully silent; and one of them had even the civility to get up and offer his broken box to the strangers. But there was nothing beyond the squalid desolation of the place to invite a lengthy visit, and after breathing the offensive atmosphere a few minutes, we were about to retreat into the open air, when the door was jerked open, and a man pushed his way into the room. A young man, thin, and ghastly pale, either from illness or fever. He was evidently an unwelcome guest, for one of the women started forward as if to push him back, when a look of sullen defiance darkened his face, and he edged his way up to the stove, much as a stable-dog might attempt to get a place upon the warm hearth of some kitchen.

The woman looked at him savagely, but seemed shy of expressing all that she felt, with so many strangers standing by. So she muttered savagely:

"Well, for this once; but you can't do this gain without handing over."

The man did not seem to hear her, but stood with one shoulder leaning against the blackened wall, looking down at the stove in gloomy silence. He was wild, pale, ragged—not a bad-looking man—but evidently near the grave, which must have seemed like heaven to him after that hard shelter, which he apparently would not pay for, and took it, as it were, by force.

As we went out and were picking our way up the steps again, the rough sound of a woman's voice and the hoarse pleading of her last lodger reached us, making the gloom of the street still more hideous.

Our next descent was into the cellar of a woman who only kept female boarders, and was considered thoroughly respectable, so far as her own conduct was concerned. The officer had known her many years, and spoke of her as a strictly temperate and law-abiding woman.

To this place we descended by six steps, so blocked up with muddy ice that it was almost impossible to get a foothold on any of them.

The passage to which they led us was dark and close—sharply cold as the night was. Our conductor knocked at the door, through which there was no gleam of light. A voice answered

from within, and after some little delay the door opened into utter darkness, for there was not even the smoky oil-lamp we had found in the other place, or a gleam of fire to light us as we entered.

But the officer who conducted us stepped in and held up his lantern. Then we saw two old women and a young girl, who had been sitting or lying on the floor, sitting up, with dirty blankets wrapped around them in massy folds, that made their squallor almost picturesque. The light fell directly on them, leaving the room full of shadows—horrible shadows—for the only window, a narrow slit of glass just under the blackened ceiling, was so blocked up with old hats, boots and rags, that neither light nor air came through. The cracked and rust-eaten stove, whose pipe seemed striving to creep through the broken wall, had not had a spark of fire in it for days and days. There was no furniture of any kind, but a filthy basket full of rags stood in one corner, and an old box or trunk was in the neighborhood of the old woman and girl.

"Well, auntie, it is a cold night. How do you get along?" said the officer, who seemed to hold the poor old woman in considerable respect. "I've brought some friends to see you. Here is a lady you'll be glad to see."

"Oh, yes," answered the old woman. "We were just sitting up in the dark to have a bit of a chat together, not so loud as to wake up the people inside. They pay for their rest, and shall have it."

"How many have you got here to-night, auntie?" asked the officer, holding up his lantern and revealing an inner department, where two or three persons were sound asleep on the floor.

"Oh, not many, sir. It's so cold, and we've got no fire to warm 'em by, so it's natural they'd go where they can get one. But, Mrs. Nonan is a regular customer, and she's sure to come whether or no—her place is by the stove, whether there is fire in it or not, you see."

Here Mrs. Nonan, whose head was white as snow, nodded and smiled a grim acknowledgment of her gratitude.

"How old are you, aunty?" inquired the lady.

"Seventy-six, abouts."

"It looks very dreary here, and you don't seem to have much warmth."

"Well, no; you see we don't have no coal."

"Can't you get coal of the Commissioners? Have you tried?"

"Yes; but we don't get none."

"See here; I'll give you a note to Mr. Kellock, asking him to let you have some coal."

Here the lady begged a leaf from the artist's sketch-book, and wrote a note to Mr. Kellock—the kindest and best man that ever distributed help to the out-door poor—and gave it to the old woman, saying:

"Now, be sure and not lose it, or some one else will get the load."

"Never fear that; I'll not let it out of my sight. God bless you! We needs it sore."

"How much do you pay for this room?"

"Six dollars a month."

"Why don't you go to the Alms House? You would find it far more comfortable there, and need not run such a risk of starving or dying from neglect and exposure to such a frightful atmosphere!"

"Pass the care of my starving here! Ye'll never catch me at the Alms House. An' it would be starving sure there."

"Do you have enough to eat here?"

"Well, we manage to live."

"But, you would be so much more comfortable elsewhere?"

"Well, we might."

"Then, you prefer remaining here with cold and hunger, with scarcely air enough to breathe, to staying at the Alms House, where everything would be pleasanter?"

"Indeed, we do."

"How about the old lady sitting against the trunks? She's pretty poor too, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes; poor and lonely."

"What is her name?"

"Bridget, marm."

"Does she drink much?"

"She doesn't touch nothin'."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; never a drop."

"How long has she been here?"

"Well, a good while, off and on."

"Can she work at all?"

"Precious little."

Here the lady addressed herself to Bridget.

"Well, my poor old woman, you appear to be very destitute. It is a pity to see a person of your years and condition living in a place like this! How old are you?"

"I guess I'm about seventy."

"Have you no friends living who will take care of you?"

"No; everybody's dead."

"Have you no children?"

"Oh, I had a lot, but they're all gone now."

"Then, you must be very lonely?"

"Well, I'm not so very bad off, I've seen lots o' trouble; but now I'm contented. When ever the Lord's ready for me, I'm ready."

"And why don't you go to the Alms House, and be taken care of? There, you will be comfortable until the Lord calls you."

"Alms House! Well, you don't! Oh, no! No catching me there's long's I know what I'm about!"

"You poor old folks seem to fear to go there?

But the Commissioners are good men; they will take good care of you."

"They will—will they? No care for poor old wimmin. Why, they won't even give us time enough to sleep."

"No? Won't they let such poor creatures as you take their time?"

"Not a bit. They'll rouse us the first thing in the morning an' make us fix our beds, an' then start us on work about the place."

"Can you do anything for yourself in the city?"

"I used to go round selling things; but you

see I'm now too old to do much. Besides, it's too slippery for me; so I keep hereabouts."

"Then, you will not go to the Alms House, if I speak to the Commissioners for you? You'd rather stay here while you live?"

"Yes, I would. I truth."

"That is strange."

"This place is home. I can do as I please in it while I pay."

"And when you don't," broke in the mistress of the cellar.

"How much do you charge a night for sleeping on the floor?" we inquired.

"A shilling."

"And you have nothing else to live on? What does the girl do?"

"She works when she can get work."

"Is she your daughter?"

"No, no—my grandchild. Her mother is dead."

"And this is her only home? Can you content yourself here, my girl?"

"I don't complain," answered the girl.

"Grandmamma is good enough to me."

"And you can enjoy life here?"

"Oh, yes."

"Do you feel safe?"

"Oh, yes. No one wants to harm us. Why should they? We've got nothing they want."

"Get nothing they want! I should think not. God help you!" answered the lady, looking around the desolate room, from whence the very air of heaven was shut out, and pure water must be almost a stranger. "Not even straw to sleep on, no fire, no food."

"Oh, we manage to get along," broke in the old woman. "There are poorer persons than we are in the lane."

That seemed impossible. But we had kept the old women from their midnight gossip long enough, and left them in the darkness, too desolate even for complaint.

So far as Art can depict human misery, the feature in this week's issue vividly portrays the scene; but what pencil or pen can depict the foul air, the cold, the darkness and the ghastly content of people so used to misery that they are almost unconscious of it?

That competes a picture too hideous for any civilized country.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

ABOUT 1 P.M. on Tuesday, March 5th, Captain Walker, commander of the steamer *Albemarle*, of the Old Dominion line, when off Cape May, sighted a three-masted schooner, sunk, bearing north by west. Without hesitation the captain at once bore down on her, and, to his surprise, found a small-boat made fast to one of the masts, containing six men and one woman. Every person in the boat had a coating of ice on, over half a foot thick, and, already benumbed and frostbitten, they were for a time deaf to all interrogatories, although Captain Walker, with stentorian voice, hailed them to cut adrift. The dying crew made simultaneous struggles to obey the kind command. But their powers were gone, and in the effort to relieve themselves they fell back in the boat in a senseless condition. One man, however, who sat in the bow, roused to a last desperate attempt to save his life, seized an ax with his frostbitten hands, and, by one vigorous stroke, cut the rope that so long had encircled them to death. Thus freed, the little boat, with its perishing occupants, dropped alongside the *Albemarle*, and they were taken through the port on the lee side. The usual remedies, including stimulants and the rubbing of ice on the hands and feet of the sufferers, were quickly applied, and with the great and unremitting attention bestowed upon them by Captain Walker and the purser, the poor patients gradually returned to consciousness. And then came the story of the wreck. The vessel, lying in seven and a half fathoms of water, was the three-masted schooner *Harry Conrad*, Captain Parker, bound from Baltimore to New York, laden with coal. At eight o'clock on Monday evening previous, when in the midst of the storm, she was run into by an unknown schooner, and in an hour and a half afterward went down. Described by the instrument of their destruction—for after the collision the unknown schooner made off—the crew of the *Harry Conrad* were compelled to take to the small-boat; but, unable to row in the storm, attached her to one of the masts to await the dawn of day. The gale did not subside, and, as it was freezing bitterly, the sufferings of the crew commenced near midnight, and for sixteen long hours they sat starving and perishing from the cold, until rescued by Captain Walker. The *Albemarle* arrived in New York on March 7th, and landed the frostbitten crew.

THE QUEEN PASSING OUR LONDON OFFICE.

THE procession through the streets of London and the imposing ceremonies held in St. Paul's Cathedral, to celebrate the coronation of the Prince of Wales and return thanks for that auspicious event, came off after extensive preparations, on February 27th.

It is estimated that no less than one million strangers were in the city to see the pageant. All London wore a holiday air, and but little regular business was done. The procession was a magnificent affair, and was heartily enjoyed by those who witnessed it. The Queen was frequently cheered, as was also the Prince of Wales and other members of the royal family.

Our engraving shows the procession at the moment the Queen's barouche passed the office of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER and LADY'S JOURNAL, No. 342 Strand, opposite the Somerset House. The building was handsomely decorated for the demonstration; large American and British flags waved

together from the roof, while at the windows were displays of international bunting, coats-of-arms and other patriotic devices. The roof of the building was crowded by the guests of our London office, and the mark of esteem for the royal family elicited hearty commendation.

NEWS BREVITIES.

A CALIFORNIA chick has horns half an inch long.

VERMONT anticipates a good maple sugar season.

WISCONSIN is going to raise tobacco.

ALABAMA has now in operation six cotton factories.

VALLEJO, Cal., was twenty-one years of age February 13th.

THE BOAT AND SHOE TRADE of Boston is better than ever before.

RICHMOND, Va., has had seventeen snowstorms this Winter.

BLACK WOLVES are roaming about Livingston County, Ky.

THE BLACK SMALLPOX, brought from Arabia, is raging at Rome.

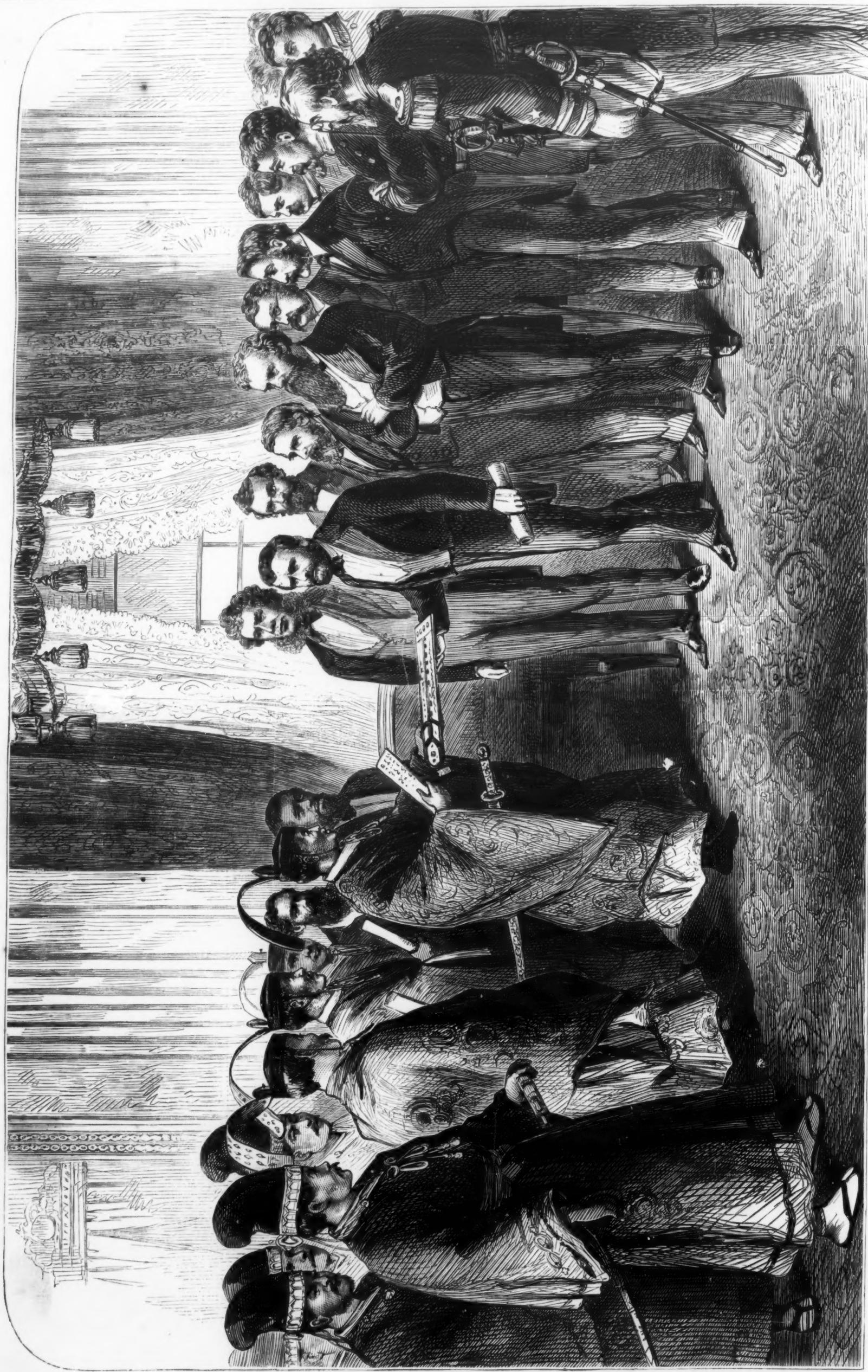
THE *black* **smallpox**, brought from Arabia, is raging at Rome.

IOWA has a mile of railroad for every inhabitant.

THEY are hatching 10,000 salmon eggs at one point in Canada.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL has accepted the presidency of the Royal Geological Society.

AN ENTERPRISING AMERICAN</b



WASHINGTON.—PRESENTATION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY TO THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET, IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE EXECUTIVE MANSION.—From a Sketch by JAMES E. TAYLOR.—See Page 27.



"MAKE YOUR CHOICE, GENTLEMEN."

U. S. G.—"I have tried the same means before, and have found that these inducements were always sure to succeed."
SENATOR S.—"Yes, such means will always secure the support of scamps, but the honest men will be found on this side of the fence."

STAR OF MY DESTINY.

FULL oft I've sat at midnight hour,
With saddening thoughts in lonely bower,
That restless melancholy of mind
That deems e'en friendship's voice unkind,
And raised aloft my heated brow
From earth and all its cares below,
To seek thee with thy cheering light,
'Midst myriad orbs supremely bright,
Star of my Destiny!

Though childhood's days have long since fled,
And friends are numbered with the dead,
And worse than death, though friends of old
'Midst worldly care have long grown cold,
Thou'rt still the same!—'Midst joy and sorrow
Thou blidst me hope a bright to-morrow,
Ever trusting to thy ray
To cheer me on my earthly way,
Star of my Destiny!

Yes, brilliant star, thy well-known ray
Wafts to my soul soft sympathy;
Methinks I see thee as of old,
When, with my childish thoughts untold,
I deemed thee some sweet resting-place
For a purer and a happier race,
Where I might hope one day to dwell
With those in life I loved so well,
Star of my Destiny!

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XI.

THE hours that intervened between his departure and return are stamped upon my memory like so many scars, which torture me even now, torture me very bitterly, when I recur to them.

I knew that my fate was fixed. The decree of my destiny was legibly recorded. My natural strength of soul lay spell-bound in the magic of this fascination.

Still my reason protested against this foregone conclusion. But it had only my heart to confer with, and the victory of my passion was complete, though my prostrate judgment struggled still to rise and renew the combat.

The only restraining impulse I was sensible of was the memory of Kate. Yet I tremble, I blush, I falter, even in the secrecy of this chamber, to write the confession that I was actuated rather by a feeling of jealousy than of tender reverence or of love for the departed. I had become ignobly jealous to think that another should ever have occupied the place in my lover's heart which, by his own confession of passion, nature had assigned to me; and the temporary sentiment that resulted was, not that I, but that my sister had had no right to him.

But the dead has been amply revenged. The recompensation of fate upon my unworthy thoughts has been fierce enough to satisfy every claim of violated affection.

I had passed a sleepless night and looked pale and worn. My aunt had noticed my appearance at the breakfast-table, and hinted that I was bestowing too much attention on baby—that I was making myself ill with my solicitude. There was an unusual air of kindness toward me in her manner which touched me to the quick. Her old acrimony had fairly vanished. True, now and then the familiar spirit would recur and proclaim itself, either in a fit of sullenness or in a few harsh sentences.

But the influence of her son grew in proportion to the length of his absence. His last words to her had evidently disciplined her more effectually than ages of prayer-reading could have done.

The time arrived at which Major Rivers had promised to come. I entered the drawing-room, thinking that I should be relieved of something of the embarrassment of the situation if, instead of receiving me, he was received by me. I took my seat near the table and opened a desk, to appear in the act of writing a letter, should my aunt break in upon me.

He was very punctual. I had not been in the drawing-room ten minutes when I heard his quick eager knock. In a few moments he was shown in. The servant closed the door upon us, and he stood at the end of the room watching me. I looked up. He advanced quickly, took my hands, and peered closely into my face.

"It is well. I read it in her clear eyes. She loves me; she has resolved; she will be my wife."

Looking up at last, I exclaimed:

"My answer is given. I have sealed my own fate. You will be true to me—you will be true to me—be for ever merciful toward my confidence! Think of the sacrifice you may be exacting from me if ever you should break that oath of devotion to me which you have already sworn, and which you will yet swear again more solemnly before our God."

I left him to fetch my hat. As I passed the nursery, I told the nurse to take the baby down to him. I took care to address her through the door, not wishing her to see my face, which still bore the strong traces of my recent tears. I purposely delayed my return that he might have time to fondle his child and send it away again with the nurse. I found that he had practiced this small stratagem, and I was able to leave the house with him without being observed by either the nurse or my aunt.

We walked toward the most unfrequented part of the country. Beautiful indeed was the morning, with a clear, inspiring breeze sweeping over a pallid, tender sky, and attuning all distant sounds into a gentle music.

We talked of love. Hand in hand with him I walked on, all my doubts laid, my fears dispelled, serenely happy in his presence.

"You ought to have been mine from the first, Maggie. Who could relish your character

like me? The dry bread of my solitude will now be salted. I shall always have with me my companion, my lover, my wife. I don't measure victory by the time it occupies. I measure it by the doubts and the passions that are comprised in the fight. A man hanging over the edge of a precipice seems to live an eternity, till he falls or is rescued. So with me. I thought the time that elapsed between our meetings yesterday and to-day would never go. I protest I have lived through ten years more rapidly. Be easy, Maggie. My victory took me a long time. Your arithmetic of passion may get long figures out of it."

"And what about our future?"

"Our future? It is a shining table-land."

"Be pleased to descend to the commonplace. How about our marriage?"

"You call our marriage commonplace? If I were to call it so your eyes would grow big with terror and distrust at once. You would say, 'He talks so lightly of marriage—perhaps he doesn't mean to marry me!'"

"But how, when and where are we to be married?"

"How? Before a registrar. When? The day after to-morrow. Where? In London."

"The day after to-morrow!" I exclaimed.

"To be sure," he responded; "you will leave Lorton to-morrow."

I became silent and troubled.

"She is going to cry!" he exclaimed. "Oh, you singular little woman! You do not belong to these isles, wee tim'rous thing, but were born in some Icelandic cavern, where Freya, the goddess of souls, espied you, and gave you a little red mouse for a spirit."

But I was not to be inspired by his banter; so he became serious.

"Unless you want your aunt to know that your intention is to become my wife—" he began.

But I interrupted by vehemently crying:

"I would not have my aunt know for the brightest future of love you could offer me. When it is a *fait accompli* it will be time enough for her to hear. Then I shall not have to face her."

"Precisely. Wherefore I command that you hold yourself in readiness to accompany me to-morrow by the early train to London. Are you terrified at this proposition?"

"No. I am resolute. It is the only course to adopt."

"Good. We shall give you a warrior's soul yet, instead of a little red mouse."

"How about the baby and the nurse?"

"We shall be married first, then post to Newtown. All this will occupy half a dozen hours. Then I will write to the nurse, tell her to bring the child to me, inclose her fare, meet her and bring her home. See how difficulties vanish when you *mean* a thing!"

"What will my aunt say?" I exclaimed, involuntarily. "How ungrateful she will think me! What a wretch she will call me, to abandon her in her solitude after her recent kindness!"

"Now," he exclaimed, "we are going to be treated to a touch of what I call the sentimentalism of irony."

"There may be some sentimentalism, but there is no irony in what I have said," I answered.

"You are not in earnest in professing any regrets at the thoughts your conduct may give rise to in your aunt?"

"I would not have cared, a year or two ago, but lately she has been treating me with kindness."

CHAPTER XII.

I ASSUME in beginning this chapter the privilege of the playwright, who, having dropped his curtain, suffers it to rise again on a new act and a new scene.

Let me show you my home at Newtown. A low, long-built-house, very white-walled, with windows close-fitting, small and numerously paned with dark burnished glass, after an old but cozy fashion of architecture. Chester House stands in very tolerably-sized grounds, well hemmed off from the smooth turnpike road outside the surrounding fields by a low, rugged wall, murderously anointed with broken bottle-glass. The hall-door is of oak, well-studded with black-headed nails. It might belong to a fortress. As you enter the wide but low hall, on either side of which hang some sombre pictures, a large window of stained glass dyes you with a dim and complicated radiance. It confronts you from the landing on the stairs, and illustrates "Christ's Charge to Peter."

The subject does not seem out of keeping. Even a fastidious taste might recognize its harmony with the slippery, highly-polished oaken staircase, the termination of the hall in the form of a Gothic archway, the prevailing gloom, which receives but little light from the thick, stained glass.

On the left is the drawing-room, massively furnished: the dark cabinets, the sombre pictures, the deep-green carpet, the heavy curtains, the quaintly-carved chairs and medievally-designed sofas and settees, finding but small relief in the gleam of silver from tall candelabras and broad inkstands. To the right is the parlor, fitted up even more somberly than the drawing-room: for a kind of solemnity is suggested by the high bookcase laden with works old enough, curious enough and unreadable enough to have ravished the heart of a Souther, a Lamb or a Johnson. Upstairs there is more airiness. Still the old four-posters with which the upper part of the house abounds lose nothing of their funereal aspect by the snow-white quilts, the sumptuous toilet-tables, and the more modern furniture, which make the bedsteads resemble a very old building—a church or an abbey in the centre of a very new town.

Chester House is Major Rivers's residence.

This is the house he had furnished for the reception of himself and Kate.

His love of the sombre, illustrated by his choice of furniture

and pictures, might have remained unsuspected in the prevailing tone—half-satirical, half-earnest, but light withal—of his conversation.

On the day of my marriage we drove to Chester House, and the same post that bore a letter to the nurse from the major, bidding her return with the baby to him, conveyed a long epistle from me to my aunt, begging her forgiveness, pleading my love, and assuring her of my grateful memory. To this letter I received no answer. I awaited the arrival of the nurse with curiosity, being anxious to know how my aunt received the news of my elopement—for such it was. The little Frenchwoman herself manifested no surprise whatever at the event. She treated it with a perfectly Parisian indifference, accepting me as her mistress unhesitatingly, and settling down to her duties with the obedience toward me which, had I been her mistress before, I might have understood.

"Were you not astonished to hear of my marriage with Major Rivers?" I asked.

"Du tout, madame. Where there is love

there is nothing but unexpectedness. Il n'y a point d'indiscretion. He would be an imbecile who should expect anything more from love than surprise. And as I knew there was love, and as I was prepared for surprise—and she made a peroration with her shoulders.

"Et ma tante, Celestine?"

"Madame, when you did not come to dinner she seemed to have made up her mind that there was something wrong. The afternoon and the evening passed, but she never mentioned your name. She went to bed at her usual hour, had the house bolted, and to my question about you as she passed the nursery on her way to her room, merely responded, 'She has gone, I suppose, to find her level. She would have found it long ago but for Lorton.' I happened to be in the room when the postman came with the two letters. I read mine, and then looked at madame, your aunt, who was reading one which I suspected was from you. She wore her spectacles, read the letter through to the very end—it was a crossed letter, madame, was it not?"

I nodded.

"And then she folded it up, tore it with an unmoved countenance into ever so many little pieces, and flung them into the fire. After which she composedly removed her spectacles, and, without a tremor in her voice, said: 'I suppose they want you back?' 'Yes, madame.' 'Then,' said she, 'the sooner you go the better. I am breathing a very foul air, and shall be suffocated if I do not clear my house of every taint of it.'"

I felt relieved by this story. My heart swelled with indignation, and my old dislike for my aunt renewed itself with all its bitterness. Had she wept, had she but expressed one word of sorrow, I should have felt pained and found a keen reproach in her regret at my departure. But her language, her unconcern, of which I knew the savagery so well, left us

(To be continued.)

PSYCHE.

CHAPTER I.

"Pol. —Masterly done!

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in it,

As we mocked with Art!"

—Winter's Tale.

"REALLY, Mr. Willard, you have succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations! It is a most admirable likeness!" And Mr. Arleigh adjusted his gold-rimmed glasses as he surveyed the nearly completed statue, with a pleased sparkle in his cold and severely critical gray eyes. A flush of supreme delight swept over the earnest and handsome face of the young sculptor as he responded with a silent bow to the compliment which, falling from the lips of Mr. Arleigh, the celebrated authority on all matters of Art, carried with it such brilliant flashes of coming fame, and his dark eyes turned inquiringly to the face of a young girl who was standing by the side of the speaker, and whose delicately-beautiful countenance had evidently served him as the model for the ethereal-looking "Psyche" whose aerial proportions a few more strokes of his chisel would leave complete in their rounded graces. For a second their eyes met, his drinking in the sympathy, with his pleasure, smiling with such shy candor in hers, and then looked away, as Mr. Arleigh continued: "As a work of Art, it promises unusual excellence, when time and travel shall have added experience to genius; and as a faithful representation of Miss Arleigh's features, I consider it invaluable, especially so as I am so soon to lose the original."

As he spoke he glanced at his daughter with a smile in which pride and melancholy were strangely mingled. A flush, brilliant in its painful intensity, glowed for a moment on her cheek, and then faded, leaving her paler than before; and disengaging her hand from her father's arm, she walked toward the open window, through which came silvery glimpses of the Hudson, showers of dancing rose-leaves, and a thousand sights and sounds suggestive of the prime of Summer in the country.

Alleyne Willard's dark eyes followed and rested on her with a curious mingling of expressions, as she leaned against the window-frame, the light wind moving her soft white muslin and blowing the light golden hair back from the delicate temples. Her left hand hung listlessly at her side, and on one of the slender rosy fingers glistened a ring, composed of diamonds and sapphires—the only ornament she wore; and as Alleyne's eyes fell on it, he turned away, and met Mr. Arleigh's glance fixed on him, with a keen, cold expression, which called a sudden angry blaze into their dark, clear depths.

"When do you expect to complete the work?" said Mr. Arleigh, with a hauteur never before exhibited to the young sculptor. As Alleyne's lips opened to reply, a servant threw open the

door and announced, "Mr. Despard!" and a young man glided into the apartment with a noiseless footstep, and a smile which sat on his pale lips as though carved there. On hearing his name Miss Arleigh started, and while her father and the new-comer exchanged warm salutations, she shrank back behind the floating lace curtains, as though seeking to avoid the searching glance of the newly-arrived visitor. However, the restless gray eyes soon sought her out, and approaching her, Mr. Despard said, in a voice and with a manner nicely modulated to extreme gentleness, while his piercing, though cold eyes seemed to read her very soul:

"I looked for a warmer welcome, my Lilla!"

She murmured something inarticulately, and extended her hand, which he took, retaining it for a moment in his clasp, the smile deepening round his lips as he felt it tremble beneath his touch.

As she withdrew it, she looked up, and met Alleyne's eyes fixed on her with a mournful intentness.

Following her glance, which had, as it rested on the face of the sculptor, something in it sorrowful and appealing, Mr. Despard also perceived the direction of Alleyne's eyes, and in a voice low, but distinctly audible to him, he said:

"Really, Mr. Willard seems so little tired of gazing on his beautiful model, that I shall be doing him a signal kindness in requesting him to undertake for me a commission similar to that he has just so ably executed for your father." And turning to Alleyne, he continued: "Do you think, Mr. Willard, that you would have time, before leaving for Italy, to execute for me a second Psyche, exactly similar to that you are at present engaged on? But if you have not, Mrs. Despard and I will be in Rome during the coming Winter, and she could then give you sittings. What do you say?"

Alleyne, as well as Lilla, saw but the covert sneer conveyed in this apparently kind proposition, and it required a strong effort on his part to control his voice to a suitable modulation as he answered coldly and proudly:

"I fear that my time in America is too limited to undertake the task, but in Rome, or on my return, I shall be happy to receive Mr. Despard's commands."

"Come, Lilla—come, Despard," here interrupted Mr. Arleigh, who, though a devout lover of Art, was also a man of the world, and was not blind to the fact that the two young men detested each other cordially. "Come! Mr. Willard cannot proceed with his work while we are talking round him."

Despard smiled, and offering his arm to Lilla, slowly followed the father of his betrothed from the apartment.

Three days after, Alleyne sailed for Europe, taking with him the memory of Lilla Arleigh enshrined in his heart. A few short months before he would have gazed ahead into the dim horizon, as though by an effort of will he could annihilate space, and at once behold the palaces and ruins of Rome, that imperial city to which from early childhood his thoughts had ever been directed; but now he strained his eyes through the deepening shadows of evening back to where the shores of America were fading into the gloom, for every league bringing him nearer to what he had once most ardently desired, separated him more completely from her whose image had supplanted that of Art in his breast.

CHAPTER II.

"Pisano. —But, for my mistress, I nothing know, where she remains, why gone, Nor when she purposes return." —Cymbeline.

FIVE years passed, and Alleyne Willard returned to America, no longer an unknown struggler for bread, but famous, and one whom the world delighted to honor, and at whose feet rolled the full tide of prosperity. Invitations to the houses of the refined and wealthy flowed in upon him, but very rarely did he leave the seclusion of his studio to mingle with the brilliant crowd, and with the exception of one or two favored brother artists, none could claim him as an intimate.

He lived in a retired street, where the shadows of trees flickered on the pavement, and where the murmur and tumult of the city came like the softened roar and rush of some distant cascade. An anchorite could hardly have found fault with his dwelling, so simple, not to say rigidly plain, were its belongings. He almost lived in his studio, a room at the top of the house, into which a flood of light poured down from a large skylight, lending mellow tints and quivering, life-like glows to the dancing Fauns, majestic Zenobias, copies from the antique, and portrait busts, which crowded the room.

A gold-colored canary hung directly under the skylight, and was the only object in the room showing that its tenant possessed any sympathy with aught beyond his art, and the restive little creature, so full of active life, from whose tiny throat poured such soaring ripples of melody, formed a strange contrast to the motionless, though supremely beautiful creations of art by which it was surrounded.

The Spring which saw Alleyne return to America had ripened into early Summer, and one beautiful morning in the beginning of June found him employed with his usual quiet energy on the bust of a renowned politician of the day, the original of which lounged in the sitter's chair, regarding the perpetuation in marble of his rugged, though singularly powerful features, with secret amusement. It left to his own devices, Mr. Barry would as soon have thought of ordering a bust of himself as a lion would think of requesting some one to photograph him; but his numerous political adherents wished for a representation of their chief, and thus it came about that he was seated that brilliant morning in Alleyne's studio.

The sitting had extended over some half

hour, when Mr. Barry, looking at his watch, exclaimed:

"How time flies! I can only give you ten minutes longer, Mr. Wilard, for I have promised to attend a sale at a gentleman's place several miles from town. By-the-way, an early work of yours is to be disposed of at it."

Alleyn paused in his work, and looked at Mr. Barry with an amount of interest in his countenance which he seldom displayed.

"Indeed!" he said. "May I inquire the name of its present possessor?"

"Arleigh, of Arleigh House," replied Mr. Barry, as he drew on his gloves. "A sad case it is, too. A year ago he was one of the richest men in the country, but he entered into speculations for which he had no head, and today he is absolutely penniless. I'm sure I don't know what will become of him and his poor daughter, both so very unfitted to struggle with the world."

A strange pallor had slowly crept over Alleyn's features, and a tremor was perceptible in the low, full tones of his voice as he said:

"I thought I understood that Miss Arleigh had some years since married a Mr. Despard?"

He could not quite conceal a look of eager interest flashing into his dark eyes as he raised them to the face of the visitor, and involuntarily he placed his hand, as though to support himself, on the back of the sitter's chair.

"No; she never married," replied Mr. Barry. "Young Despard was killed by a fall from his horse the very day before the wedding, and since that, nothing could induce her to enter into any matrimonial engagement. A lovely girl she is, too. But I must be off," and shaking hands cordially with the young sculptor, Mr. Barry departed, after whistling an adieu to Lucio, the canary, who was fluttering and piping in the full glow of the sunlight.

The Psyche, round which were twined so many tender remembrances of Alleyn's life, was bought in at an enormous price, at the Arleigh sale, by a broker, who told a brother broker in confidence, that he never saw a man more set on having a thing than the young fellow was who gave him the commission for that particular article.

"It's not many gents," said the worthy, in a burst of professional enthusiasm, "that'll say, 'Never mind what the price comes to, but don't come back to me without it!'"

CHAPTER III.

Seb. "How have the hours rack'd and tortured me, Since I have lost thee!" —Twelfth Night.

LIKE the glorious light of the dawning sun on the darkened world came to Alleyn the tidings that Lilia Arleigh was still unmarried. After his departure to Rome, he had heard no word of her, and after his return to his native land, the secluded life he led had prevented his hearing her name mentioned, and he had gradually come to think of her as the wife of another, with a kind of dreamy resignation which, though devoid of the first anguish of disappointment, left a cloud of settled melancholy hanging over him, and which was only destined to be dispelled, that the former keenness of his grief might return, for on the very day of the sale Mr. and Miss Arleigh disappeared, whither none knew, and, like one who is almost at the banks, as it were, of a phantasmagoric stream, and stooping to drink, finds that it has faded into air, so Alleyn, almost feeling the tender touch of Lilia's welcoming hands, and basking in the glad light of her beautiful eyes, awoke from his dream to find her gone. Yet a certain hopefulness sprang up in his heart, and though she had left no clue for him to follow up, he instituted a strict search for her, and notwithstanding the gloomy Fall found him unsuccessful, it also found him un-despairing. Where the country extends its hand to the city, he purchased a cottage, a lovely little spot, and day by day he added fresh adornments to it, until the tiny dwelling became a perfect bijou. But he still occupied his old city quarters, and worked with an energy of which, as yet, he had hardly thought himself capable. As time flowed on, his studio became a kind of temple in which the working as well as amateur votaries of Art assembled, many to learn, but all to praise.

Something whispered to him that Lilia had not left the city, and once in a crowd he caught a glimpse of a slender figure hurrying through the throng, which he half-persuaded himself bore a resemblance to her well-remembered form; but it melted away in the multitude, and though day by day he watched and waited, he saw her no more. And so the Winter passed, and his hopeful courage began to give way. In the great city how was she to struggle on without money, and separated from friends? He ground his teeth in agony, and it was only by unflinching work that he found any relief from the acute suffering the idea caused him.

The Spring found him engaged on a group of statuary representing Flora and her nymphs, and as it was intended to compete for the prize at public exhibition, he devoted every energy of mind and body to its masterly completion.

"Let me once finish this," he said to himself, "and then good-by to any labor until I find Lilia."

In the completion of his work one thing stood in his way. With Lilia's face eternally haunting him, with its mournful eyes looking into his, his imagination could conjure up no other form of loveliness to work into the marble, and the sacredness of his feelings toward her prevented for a moment the possibility of his giving her pure and beautiful features to the gaze of the public in his representation of Flora. He confided his difficulty, but not its cause, to an old artist, who was almost the only intimate friend he possessed. Signor Farnelli was an Italian, but more practical than the generality of his dreaming, enthusiastic race, and after stroking his white beard thoughtfully for a few moments, he said:

"Why not procure a model, *caro mio?* If you are not above immortalizing the beauty of a fellow-creature, I can indicate to you a young girl of exquisite loveliness who would lend her face to your Flora."

Alleyn smiled, and shrugged his shoulders.

"I should require something fresh, signor," he said, "and perhaps the young lady has sat before, in which case, decidedly, she would not answer my purpose."

"No, no," replied the signor; "her occupation is that of teacher of music, but illness has caused the loss of her pupils, and I doubt not but that she would consent to sit to you, as she is in want of the common necessities of life."

After pondering the matter briefly, Alleyn commissioned his friend to engage the young girl, as he had full confidence in his artistic taste, and the signor departed well pleased, leaving his friend to pursue his work in solitude.

The next day brought a note from him, saying that the young lady, Miss Jones, had consented to sit for the Flora, and asking Alleyn to appoint a day for an interview, which he immediately did, naming that ensuing, as there was no time for delay, the time of the Art exhibition for which the group was intended drawing rapidly near.

The following morning Alleyn woke from feverish dreams, in which Lilia, pale and with sorrowful eyes, had seemed to reproach him for leaving her alone to battle with the world. He started from his bed, and though it was not yet quite dawn, he walked rapidly away toward the quiet country, the cool morning breeze fanning his forehead and dispelling the painful impressions of the past night. The habit of months led him in the direction of the cottage which he had taken such pains to adorn, and its windows were all ablaze with the reflection of the rising sun, when he found himself walking up the path leading to the trellis-work porch. The first roses of June were perfuming the air, and over the rough, white walls of the cottage crept scarlet and pink clusters, and one branch had strayed over the high, gabled roof, and festooned the prettily fantastic chimneys with rich masses of blossoms, swaying to and fro in the dewy air. On the smooth lawn the thick foliage of a huge elm tree cast flickering shadows on the pure green of the turf, which was here and there broken into quaintly-devised beds, brilliant with the brightest flowers of the season.

As he stood waiting for the old woman who had charge of the place to answer his ring, something of the sunshine and warmth of the morning descended into his heart, and as he crossed the threshold, a feeling that Lilia Arleigh would one day stand there by his side took full possession of his mind. Acting under an impulse inexplicable to himself, he flung open the French windows, and let in a flood of sunshine, and wandered from room to room, arranging and rearranging every ornament in them with a strange fastidious care, to the mingled astonishment and vexation of his old housekeeper, who stood watching him as he filled the Parian vases in the little drawing-room with faintly blushing roses.

"One'd think he was going to bring home a young wife, one would," muttered the old dame, as she departed to the kitchen, "though to my mind he thinks more of that stone young woman in the drawing-room than ever he will of flesh and blood."

It was the Psyche to which the old lady alluded so disparagingly, and if she had seen the care with which Alleyn selected and arranged the blossoms for the vases which he placed before the statue, as the Greeks laid flowers on the altars of their favorite deities, she would doubtless have felt confirmed in her opinion. Truly, with its adornments of flowers and the fresh elegance of its furniture, the room seemed decked for the reception of a bride! Dante, in Italian binding of white velvet and gold, lay on a small table by the bow-window, open at Lilia's favorite passage, which she and Alleyn had read together, and on the piano lay the songs she had best loved to sing in the old days at Arleigh House, and over all, like the presiding genius of the place, rose the aerial form of the Psyche, which so faithfully portrayed the features of his beloved.

"Don't touch anything, Mrs. Groves," said Alleyn, as he left the cottage—and with a smile on his lips and in his eyes he went away down the winding path and out through the rustic gate, first pausing to pluck a royal purple pansy from one of the beds and place it in the buttonhole of his coat.

As he drew near his city quarters, he for the first time remembered that this was the day he had appointed for his interview with Miss Jones, and that the hour had nearly passed. Quickening his pace, he bounded up the broad, echoing stairs, and pushing open the studio-door, entered.

As he did so, a lady seated at the far end of the room rose, and slowly advanced into the full tide of light pouring down through the open sunlight.

For a second a mist seemed to fall round the young sculptor, through which gleamed clouds of glittering hair, and the brilliant light of a pair of large dark eyes, the soft tones of the signor's voice sounding as though at an immense distance, and the shrill pipe of Lucio descending as it were from the clouds.

As in a dream he saw and heard; and then the mist rolled suddenly away, and he saw standing before him, with outstretched hands and eyes in which shone clearly love and welcome—Lilia Arleigh, paler, but as lovely as in the gone-by days.

THERE is not a happier home in the world than the cottage in which live Lilia and Alleyn, and there too dwells Mr. Arleigh, more devoted to Nature, as exemplified in the chubby forms of his two grandchildren, Ally and Lily the younger, than ever he had been to Art.

Signor Farnelli, who had shown much kindness to "Miss Jones" when she was struggling for life amid the breakers of poverty and distress, is almost as much at home in the rose-covered cottage of the sculptor as in his own atelier.

THE NATION'S GUESTS.

THE NEW WORLD ADVISING THE OLD. RECEPTION OF THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.

THE members of the Imperial Japanese Embassy reached Washington, D. C., on the afternoon of February 29th, after a long detention at Salt Lake City, occasioned by the snow blockade. They were met at the dépôt by Mr. Mori, the Japanese *Chargé-d'Affaires*, who was accompanied by Governor Cooke, General Chipman, and General Myers, U. S. A., who was detailed to superintend the arrangements on the part of the Government for the reception and entertainment of the distinguished guests.

The Embassy proper numbers one hundred and fourteen persons, and is accompanied by

Mr. De Long, United States Minister to Japan. Iwakura, the first Ambassador, is Vice-President of his Japanese Imperial Majesty's Ministry, Sandeo being President. Iwakura is somewhat over fifty years of age, of second official rank, and a man of such superior ability as to be commonly termed the Tenno's right-hand man. Iwakura is, in fact, the principal working executive officer of the Japanese Government. To him more than any other man is due the recent revolution and its results, and he now wields a corresponding force in the Japanese Ministry.

Kido, whose title is Sangee, is about forty years of age, and is one of those remarkable men who stood out so long for the restoration of the Tenno's power.

Okuricho Okubu is a Satmir by birth, a brave, impassioned man, forty-four years of age. It is said of him, that when the news came of a defeat in the first battle of the revolution which was the outbreak of six hundred years—so slow great movements ripen in Japan—some one asked in the General Council what should they do with themselves and the Mikado, when he replied, "Let us expect no more to die here, but while a Satmir lives the usurpation of the Tycoon will be resisted!" It was Okubu's Satmir soldiers that at last turned the battle and defeated the Tycoon.

Ito, who recently visited this country, is now Assistant Minister of Public Works and Industry, and has charge of the shipbuilding, railroads and telegraph, which in Japan are Government affairs. He is only about thirty years of age, a progressive liberal, and promising statesman.

Yanakuchi is also about thirty years of age, and is Assistant Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Besides the Embassy, a large number of Commissioners of high rank in the army and civil list of Japan accompany the Embassy to observe and inquire into whatever may be of advantage in the special departments or in the National Government. Besides these, the Embassy is accompanied by an immense number of secretaries, attachés and servants. Fukuchi, first secretary of the Embassy, was here last Spring as first secretary of Governor Ito.

The gentlemen of the Embassy occupy apartments in the Arlington and Johnson Houses, which were specially decorated for the occasion. The ladies were taken to the residence of Mr. Lauman, Secretary of the Japanese Legation at Georgetown.

Besides suffering greatly from want of rest, the Ambassadors very properly declined to participate in any festivity or public demonstration until their respects had been formally paid the President.

Monday, March 4th, was designated for

THE OFFICIAL PRESENTATION

at the White House. President Grant, with his Cabinet on his left, and quite an army of bureaus officials on the right, took position at the south end of the famous East Room, the party forming a semi-circular line. The five Ambassadors appeared in front of the Executive Mansion shortly after twelve o'clock, and were accompanied by their four first secretaries and by the senior second secretary, also by the *Chargé-d'Affaires* of Japan at Washington; but no other Japanese were present at any part of the ceremony. The Ambassadors and secretaries were in Japanese court costume, but Mr. Mori was in American party dress. The underdress of Iwakura and associates was in some cases of purple and in others of dark blue silk, with skull-caps, surmounted by high combs, to which were attached pieces of steel-colored wire gauze, over two feet in length, projecting several inches above the head, and then curving downward. They also wore jeweled swords, carried, it was noticed, on the left side instead of in front, and no more than one sword apiece. Both Ambassadors and secretaries wore plain black silk over-dresses, girdled with purple silk and white turn-down collars. The principals wore American guarter boots and the secretaries Japanese silk shoes. The head-dresses of the latter were of stiff glazed black silk, helmet-shaped, without rim, and trimmed around the bottom with white silk, variegated by purple bobbin. They of course wore no swords. The party first proceeded to the Green Room, for the purpose of affording Secretary Fish, who was to do the subsequent honors of introduction, an opportunity to make their personal acquaintance and learn to distinguish one from another in feature, as he had already in name.

In a few moments the party proceeded to the East Room and ranged themselves in two ranks immediately in front and a little to the right of the President, and to whom they were at once presented in turn by Mr. Fish. At each presentation, the President and the Ambassador bowed—the latter very low and quite gracefully. Then Minister Iwakura drew from

the recess of his dress a rolled manuscript and began chanting its contents to President Grant, reading from top to bottom and from right to left of the page, and unrolling as he proceeded from column to column of the character. The address covered several of these rolled sheets, and when their contents were exhausted a low bow signified to the President that the Ambassadors were ready to listen to his reply. At the appropriate place in the Japanese greeting the letters of the Tenno, wrapped in costly white silk, and accrediting his Ambassadors to the United States, were produced by a secretary and handed by Iwakura to the President, by whom they were transferred to the custody of the Secretary of State.

After General Grant had read his reply, which, like the preceding speech, had been previously explained to its auditors, the Secretary of State separately introduced the members of the Cabinet, and next the Bureau officers by departments, each body stepping to the front and exchanging simultaneous bows with the Orientals.

At the conclusion of these courtesies the members of the Embassy were escorted into the Blue Parlor and introduced to the ladies of the Executive Mansion, and of the Cabinet officers' families, together with others who had been invited to be present. After some time spent in social courtesies, the Embassy withdrew.

RECEIVING THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS.

Wishing to familiarize themselves in every degree of thoroughness with the customs of official life in this country, as well as to seek an agreeable acquaintance with the representatives of other countries that will be in turn visited, the Ambassadors extended invitations to the entire diplomatic corps to meet them at their hotel the same afternoon.

Accordingly, at three o'clock a very large and distinguished party assembled at the Ambassadorial residence to return in person the dignified compliments of the eminent visitors. The spacious parlors had been handsomely decorated with the flags of the United States and Japan, festoons of evergreens, wreaths, and banks of the choicest flowers. Almost every member of the foreign legations was present in full dress, besides Vice-President Colfax, Speaker Blaine and representatives of the various Cabinet bureaus. The introductions were conducted by Minister Mori, and a very agreeable hour was thus occupied.

During the day there was quite an excitement among the prominent gentlemen in Washington to know who were to be present at

REPRESENTATIVE BROOKS'S RECEPTION,

In the evening. Our Representative, it will be remembered, has but recently completed a long and thorough European tour, a goodly portion of which was devoted to Japan. Meeting everywhere with the marks of consideration due intelligence. Mr. Brooks naturally wished to manifest an appreciation of the courtesy of Japanese officials. His reception was a strictly private affair, not over one hundred and twenty persons being present, including the Ambassadors and their secretaries.

Mr. Brooks's parlors were fitted up in a brilliant and tasteful manner. The health of Prince Iwakura was first proposed, and elicited a laconic and dignified response. General Banks extended to the guests the right hand of welcome, after which the healths of Kido, the Imperial Privy Councilor; Governor Ito; Minister De Long; Hon. Fernando Wood; Okubu, one of the Ambassadors, and Minister Mori, were drunk, each calling for remarks appropriate to the pleasant occasion. Addresses were also made by Messrs. Kelley, Dawes and Kerr, and Major Ben Perley Poore and others, the entertainment continuing to a late hour, and giving the highest satisfaction to all participants.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

WASHINGTON was "Divorce"-d on the 11th. CARLOTTA PATTI is giving concerts in Italy. MACKAY still keeps "Marriage" before the public.

"LITTLE NELL" was a failure at the St. James.

MRS. MOULTON warbles sweetly to the St. Louisians.

"THE CANNIBALS" are domiciled at Wood's Museum.

THE "Veteran" is still the reigning feature at Wallack's.

LA DIVA PATTI is coming to the United States next year.

MISS JENNIE BENSON, the infant phenomenon, is at the Comique.

VERDI's "Aida" has been triumphantly received at Milan.

WE are to have a Summer season of English opera at the Olympic.

THE Parepa-Rosa company is playing "Figaro" in Washington.

MRS. CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD is singing "The Enchantress" in Boston.

THERE is a weekly representation of French plays at Robinson Hall, New York.

MESSRS. MILLS and SARASATE gave their last matinee performance on the 14th.

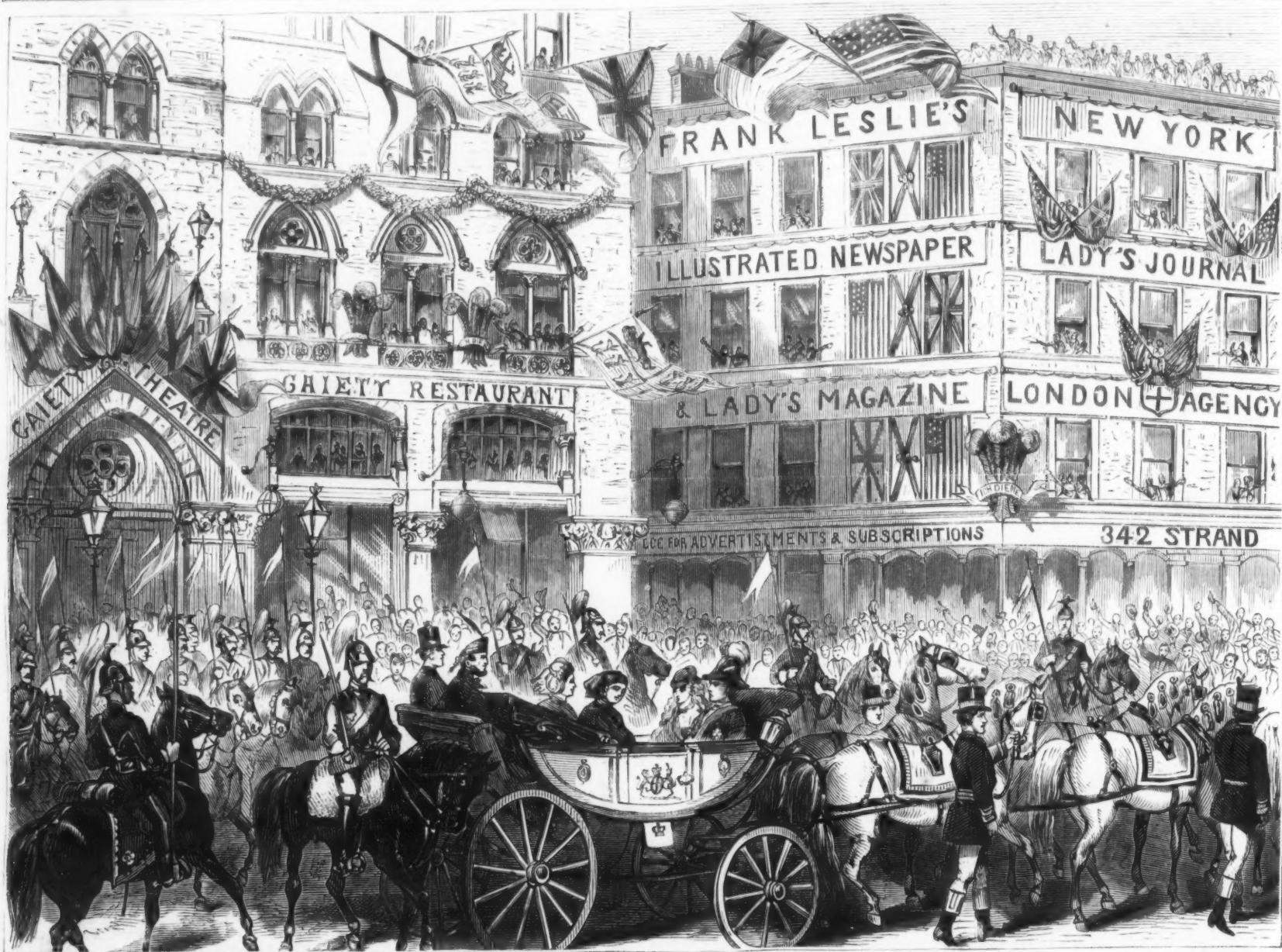
MRS. JOHN WOOD has met with a perfect ovation from the patrons of Niblo's.

MISS ANNA MEHLIG's first piano recital came off successfully at Steinway last week.

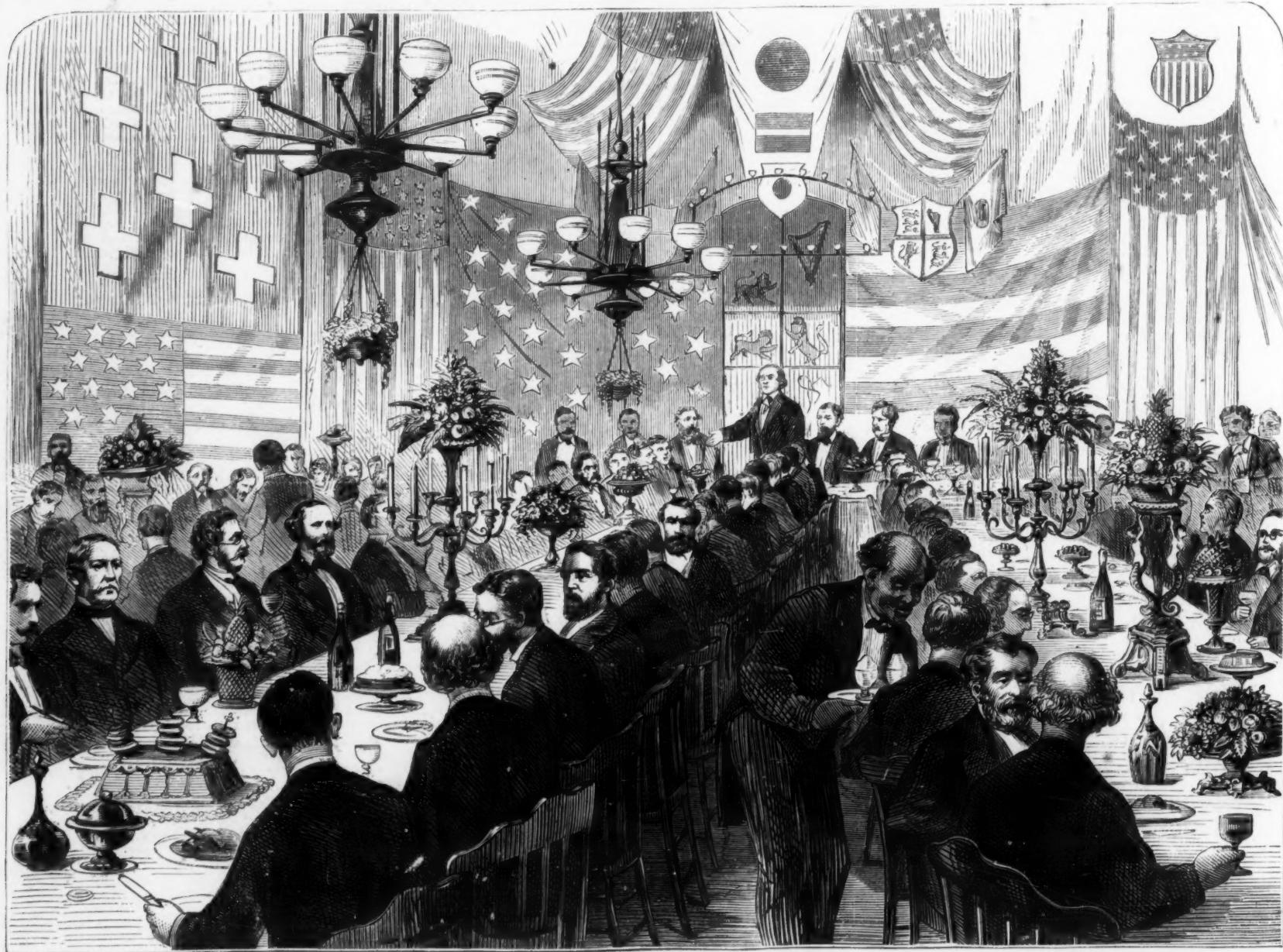
CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has been electrifying the Cincinnatians with *Lady Macbeth*.

DODWORTH'S BAND has commenced a series of Sunday concerts at the Union Square.

NOVELLO & CO. has just published an edition of Wagner's "Tannhäuser," with English and Italian words, elegantly bound in gilt, at the remarkably low price of two dollars. This edition has been collated with the full score, and for clearness and accuracy of style may be regarded as the best ever issued.

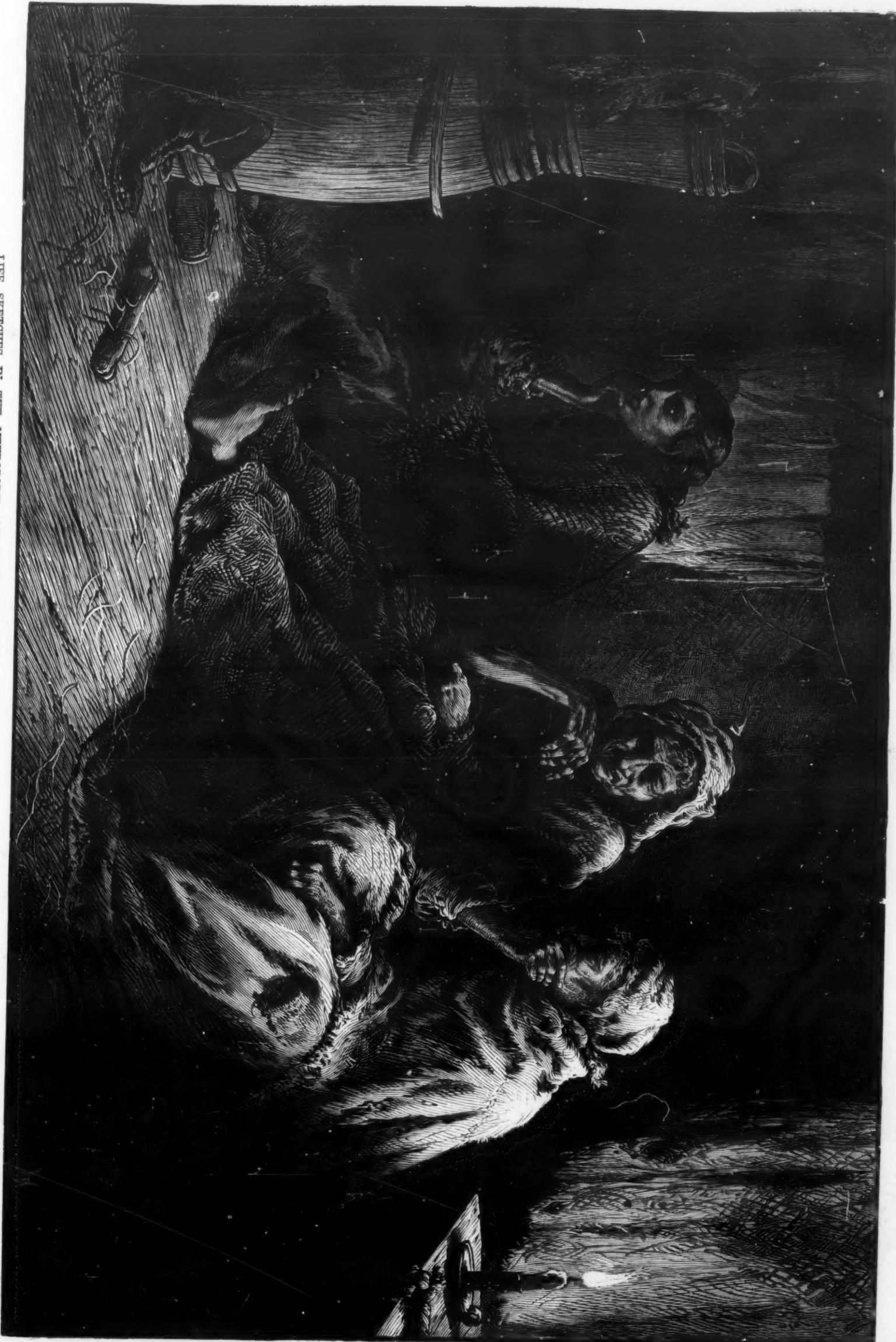


ENGLAND.—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN PASSING FRANK LESLIE'S LONDON PUBLISHING HOUSE, IN THE STRAND.—SEE PAGE 23.



WASHINGTON.—BANQUET GIVEN BY HON. JAMES BROOKS, M. C. FROM NEW YORK, TO THE JAPANESE EMBASSY.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 27.

LIFE SKETCHES IN THE METROPOLIS.—OUR HOMELESS POOR—TALKING OVER OLD TIMES—DRAWN BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 23.



A. J. GARVEY REDIVIVUS!

A N incident, which took the entire public by surprise, occurred on Thursday afternoon, March 7th, during the progress of Mayor Hall's trial, and served as a powerful magnet to attract a dense crowd to the court-room on the following morning. Shortly after the customary recess, Mr. Tremain, one of the counsel for the prosecution, startled the spectators by calling, in a loud tone, "Andrew J. Garvey!" To many this movement assumed the guise of a sensational trick; but when, on repeating the call, the large door leading into the clerk's private room opened, and showed the figure of the famous plasterer himself, the excitement became intense. He advanced slowly toward the place where the witnesses sit while testifying. Here he stood for some time, with his hand resting on the bench, his face pale, and his look bewildered and hesitant.

Mr. Garvey is tall, and stoutly built, with quick, energetic manner, and rather the look of a lover of good fellowship and good eating. He was dressed in dark clothes, without display. His black mustache and imperial retain their original hue, but his hair is deeply streaked with gray, and he has lost fully forty pounds' weight, which shows the effect of the keen trial he has gone through during the past year. He was somewhat agitated at first when he took his seat, and breathed rapidly; but this was probably due to having had to climb the long flights of stairs in the Court House rather quickly, and he soon regained his composure. The change in his appearance, especially the grayness of his hair, and the cause and probable effect of his return, were topics of general remark by every one.

When Mr. Garvey was called upon to give his evidence, he was so excited that it became necessary to stop for a short time, and, at the witness's request, an officer brought him a glass of water. He then appeared to recover himself partially, but not fully, and his answers were given in a somewhat hesitating manner. Mr. Garvey's examination was brief, as most of the time was taken up with the pleadings of counsel.

Some time in December last Mrs. Garvey wrote from Switzerland to Charles O'Connor, stating that her husband would return and disclose all he knew of the municipal frauds, provided he was guaranteed freedom from prosecution. His sudden return gives evidence of some powerful inducements held out by the counsel on the part of the people.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A bow should not always be bent—particularly an elbow.

BARLEY goes up as beer goes down, and a man who ale is called malt-treated.

A CHINESE thief having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day to learn how to wind it up.

An old lady is inclined to think that a compass would be the best sewing-machine, because she heard it had a needle with thirty-two points.

The following epitaph is inscribed in a country churchyard on the grave of a smuggler who was shot by excise-men: "Here lies, killed by the X's."

JONES asks, "If small girls are waifs, are larger ones waifers?" "Certainly," says sweet Sixteen; "at least the boys have a habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

A CLIENT remarked to his solicitor: "You are writing out my affidavit bill on very rough paper, sir." "Never mind," was the reply of the latter; "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

I'd have you to know, Mrs. Stoker, that my uncle was a banister of the law." "A fig for your banister," retorted Mrs. Stoker, turning up her nose; "haven't I got a cousin as is a corridor in the navy?"

OUTLINES OF SPEECHES ON FESTIVE OCCASIONS.—For dinner speeches there might be patterns as easily as for the plates. Take the following one for returning thanks. Instead of humoring and hawing, and drawing an unnecessary chain of sentences, what should hinder a person of any gratitude from showing a proper sense of his audience's time and attention by delivering himself with a pregnant brevity?—as thus: "Gentlemen—Feel it impossible—Proudest day of my life—Honorable gentlemen who—Those feelings which—Extremely obliged—Happiness—All your healths in return." If the company meet on purpose to make speeches, or to compliment one another (pretty nearly the same thing), something longer must be allowed, for the sake of all parties. The following patterns would do: Chairman's speech: "Totally inadequate—Some more worthy—Your pleasure—My modesty—Will for deed—Inspiring occasion—Illustrious friend—Head and heart—Thoughts which—Considerations which—Those feelings which—All, I'm sure—When I name the name of Hipkins—(shouts of applause)—Hasten to conclude—Happiness to propose—Health, gentlemen, of our worthy, illustrious, eloquent, independent, loyal, interesting, agreeable, modest, and consummate friend, Senator Hipkins—cheers, three times three. Speech of Senator Hipkins: "Totally want words—Highly honored—Deeply affected—Boston—Carry it home with me—Children—Posterity—Celebration—Display of talent—Worthy Chairman—Illustrious friends—Galant officers—Brilliant nation—(cheers)—Fair sex—continued cheers)—Under the rose—(a laugh)—Moral order—Argument which—Events which—Things which no man that—That which, I'm sure, no gentleman that—Effects of this day—Will not take up your time—One word more—Presume to differ—Delight to agree—Sorry to be informed—Happy to hear—Long pull and strong pull—Immortal bard—Distinguished living writer—Homely but acute proverb—Valuable time—Found at my post—Words unnecessary—Bumper at parting—Health of our worthy, solid, polite, thinking, drinking, impartial, indefatigable, paternal, private, public, plain-hearted and prodigious Chairman"—(Riotous applause, three times three).

THE MOST FAVORABLE ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC.

The wise selection of the route traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad is fully confirmed by the concise and able report of Mr. W. M. Roberts, the Engineer-in-Chief of the Northern Pacific Company.

His eminent position and thorough knowledge of the advantages enjoyed by this road in its passage through that rich and fertile section of our country, gives great weight to the statements embodied in his report. He is sure that even throughout such a remarkable winter on the Pacific as the past one, the Northern Pacific Railroad could easily be kept open for regular traffic its entire length across the continent.

The report states that the road for two hundred miles west, from Duluth to Oak Lake, has been free most of the way this winter, without snow-fences, and other roads in Minnesota have been but little troubled, while a few miles of snow-fences would keep the Northern Pacific Road, from Lake Superior to the Missouri River, as free from obstructions as is the line from Chicago to Omaha. The report contains valuable information from other portions of the road, showing less risk of deep snow or drifts along the line; the cattle had plenty of grass the entire winter in nearly all the valleys of Montana.

The report refers to the snow fall on the Union Pacific Road, for 180 miles, every part of which is 1,000 feet higher than the highest summit on the Northern route, and most of which is 2,500 to 3,000 feet higher than the mountain section of equal length on the Northern Pacific line, and predicts as complete exemption from winter blockade for the N. P. R. R., as is enjoyed by railroads in New York or New England, owing to the valley route and sheltered position through Montana, which will greatly facilitate the easy and successful working the year round of this important and most necessary railroad enterprise.

THE ROYAL HAVANA LOTTERY ALL RIGHT.

CARD FROM TAYLOR & CO.

NEW YORK, June 16th, 1871.

To the Editor of the Herald:

Having seen an inquiry in your valuable paper as to the legitimacy of the drawings of the Royal Havana Lottery, and knowing that you are always ready and willing to furnish any information on any subject that is made a matter of inquiry through your valuable paper, we put this in answer to your correspondent of the 14th inst. as to the genuineness of the Royal Havana Lottery. We will state, for the benefit of your correspondent, that the prizes, 604 in number, according to the scheme, are drawn at every drawing. Moreover, for the certification of this we are willing to send our check for \$1,000, to be given to the party making such inquiry, if we cannot prove it to his satisfaction. Again, we will give \$100,000 to any four charitable institutions that you may name, if we can not prove that, in the scheme of the 25th of April, we sold the ticket which drew the \$200,000 prize, besides many other prizes. By inserting this you will enlighten your correspondent and oblige yours,

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,

16 Wall Street, N. Y.

NEW YORK, January 21st, 1872.

Editor Gazette: My husband died three years ago, since which time I have supported myself and family as best I could. The Masonic Lodge of which my husband was a member have helped me in ways without number; but, knowing the many dependent on their charity, I have sought to make myself as little as possible a burden to them. An elderly gentleman, whose name I have never been able to learn, has often called at times of my greatest extremity, and has always liberally relieved my wants. Late in the last summer I received a letter from him inclosing a ticket in the Royal Havana Lottery, and informing me that he would call again if at any time I should be in extreme want. My ticket drew a prize large enough to make me independent for life, and to enable me to educate my children. I received the money from Taylor & Co., the agents of the Lottery, at 16 Wall Street, and have it now securely invested. My unknown friend has often spoken of my husband as a member of the same lodge with himself. I am anxious to see him once more, that I may thank him for his many acts of kindness, and especially for his last gift. It has proved to be a gift of immense importance to me. Let me, through your columns, thank him.

H. C. ADAMS.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.:

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly command them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours truly,

ROBERT HARRIS,
Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

NOVELLO & CO., who are doing excellent service in the cause of musical art in this country, have recently added to their already large and valuable collection of vocal and instrumental works a beautiful edition of "Mother Goose; or, National Nursery Rhymes." The engravings, which are profusely scattered through the book, are very clear in outline and print, and of an exceedingly interesting character. This work is by far superior to the imitations that have been issued by parties jealous of the honorable reputation of Novello & Co., and wherever introduced is sure to be hailed as the delight of the nursery and parlor.

MESSRS. H. O'NEILL & CO., 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue and Twentieth St., are again before the fashionable World with their seasonable announcement of Spring Fashions, in all the most beautiful novelties of Straw Goods, Bonnet and Sash Ribbons, Neckties, Gloves, etc. Also, a rich assortment of Lace Goods. This establishment is devoted entirely to Millinery Goods, and therefore its specialties are exhibited in greater profusion and at far lower prices than at any other store. The ladies will do "Go to O'Neill's."

GO TO O'NEILL'S for SPRING FASHIONS.

HOOVER'S AMERICAN CHROMO—"The Changed Cross," after Joseph John's painting, illustrating the poem of that name, is a beautiful chromo, well worthy of exhibition in our picture galleries and parlors. This chromo is happily adapted for a handsome present, and has already obtained deserved popularity. The original is in the possession of Joseph Hoover, Esq., Publisher, 1117 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPRING NOVELTIES in Dresses, Shawls, Silks, etc., may be inspected at the new and beautiful store (140 feet in length) of Messrs. MEARES & JONES, No. 20 Fourteenth Street, a few doors west of Union Square. The entire stock of this establishment is new, and has been selected with great care by its experienced and enterprising proprietors, who are determined to merit the patronage of the ladies of the Metropolis.

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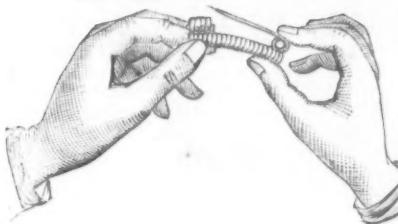
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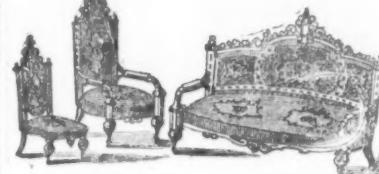
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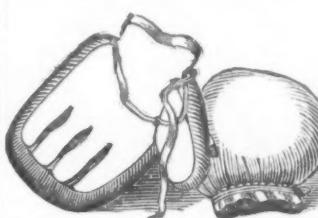
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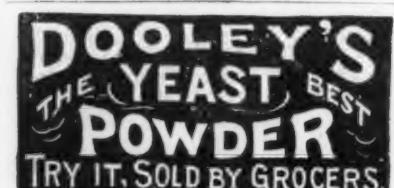
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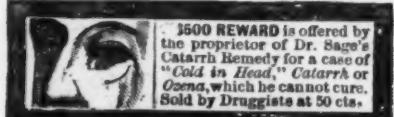
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